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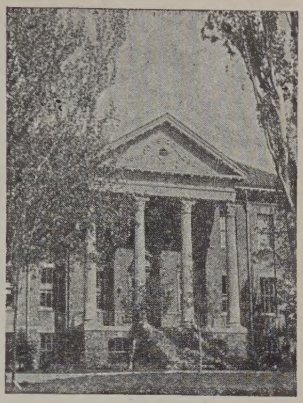

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The Relief Society Magazine

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. XXVI JANUARY, 1939 No.

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GREETINGS

IT is good to look forward with hope, to face the new year with thankful hearts, to have faith and dreams, to look forward to all those privileges and responsibilities that go into the making of a life.

It is good to have that feeling of security which comes from having family and friends, and it is especially good to be able to count those friends by the thousands as do all who belong to our great Relief Society organization.

It is one of the glories of Relief Society that though among our 75,064 members there is a great variety of environments, there is the greatest unity of spirit. Our manners of speech may be different, we may even be different in certain set ideas, but beneath all that, we are alike in what we feel and are, alike in our ideals, alike in our love, and alike in our desire to serve. In all the widely scattered organizations one feels this essential unity.

What a great blessing it is to face life with a testimony that the Gospel is true, to know that God lives, that there is continuity to life, and that those relationships of family and friends, which make life so wonderful, will continue.

The great ideal of Relief Society work is to help us put our relationship to our Father in Heaven and our human relationships on a higher level.

As we go to our meetings we but put our market basket on our arm and go forth to obtain spiritual food, the real bread of life, to share with all with whom we associate, thus making us better wives, mothers and neighbors.

Our prayer should ever be that we may have deeper insight, keener appreciation, finer sympathies, become so spiritually sensitive that we sense the needs of all, that we may identify ourselves in active sympathy with all who suffer. Thus only may we be worthy of our name Relief Society.

We can begin our work this new year better equipped than before because our understanding of the Gospel has increased, and we more fully realize that "we do not live for the sake of knowing but know for the sake of living."

Let us strive as never before to keep our thinking straight and our hearts warm toward all persons.

Let our faith be steady, let our love be deep, is our humble prayer for all Relief Society members.

Louise Y. Robison,
Amy Brown Lyman,
Kate M. Barker,
General Presidency of Relief Society.

How Beautiful This Snow

How beautiful this white, untrammeled snow,
A cloak of ermine wrapping hill and vale;
How crystal clear these pendants hanging low
From every branch and bough; what rich detail
Of lacey, intricate design on window-pane
And frozen stream, made by the fuzzy frost
Busily working all the night again
To prove that summer happily is lost.

For once more there are drifts of crunchy white,
Evenings around a fire that blazes high;
Sleighs that go gliding smoothly through the night;
Long, jeweled branches etched upon the sky;
And shut in with our own, a deep content,
A happiness supreme when day is spent.

CHRISTE LUND COLES

The
Relief Society Magazine

. XXVI JANUARY, 1939 No. 1

National Stewardship Convention

By President Louise Y. Robison

A CONVENTION of great significance was held in the Stevens' Hotel, Chicago, Novem- 1-2-3, 1938, under the auspices the National Committee for Re- ious and Welfare Recovery.

The general theme of the conven- n was "Stewardship in a Democ- y." Sub-topics of this vital sub- t were discussed by many prom- ent people, all of whom stressed e need for spirituality in develop- character.

Catholics, Jews and Protestants ited in a program for developing eater responsibility of parents in e home, better citizenship and gher spiritual standards. The Na- nal Council of Women, cooper- ng with its Committee on Human lations, appointed five delegates m the L. D. S. Relief Society to present our organization at the nvention.

Most stirring appeals were made youth, who, it was claimed, were orced from spiritual values. The arge was made that parents are niss in helping children develop aracter, and that all too often par- s allow financial affairs to receive e greater consideration. This was strated by the old Jewish legend Peter. Peter's parents were blessed h a bounteous harvest. Taking er with them the parents walked through the field rejoicing over the heavy heads of wheat and planning what comforts could be purchased when the grain was harvested. When the tour was finished they missed their little son—he had wandered away and was lost.

Many young people are lost spiritually through the attitude of a few instructors in high schools and colleges, who, although employed by parents, destroy the souls of students by sarcastic statements, such as, "Religion is the anesthetic of life," or as one professor advised when announcing a party, "those of you who think you have a soul—please park it outside."

Parents have a rich opportunity for character education in selecting or supervising the types of books read by young people or the moving pictures seen. These two activities are mighty forces in building or injuring character. In helping youth to meet life courageously we develop a valuable asset.

One speaker said, "No man should deprive his child the development of self-effort. No matter what the financial status, parents should have children assume responsibility." In teaching the three R's, the most important are Reason, Reverence and Responsibility. It is estimated that

millions of young people in the United States today, between the ages of seventeen and twenty-four, are without regular employment, many of them without religious training, who are ready to follow any leader offering a solution for their problem. The future of the nation depends upon the type of leadership which may arise.

Realizing this grave condition, the appeal was made for the school, the home and the church to unite in a program for Religious Welfare Recovery, for spiritual mobilization t combat the mobilization of evil.

We shall never have a nation o peace and justice until we have ind vidual peace and justice founde upon love of man as well as love o God, and taught in the homes an in the schools.

"The Mother must know how t interpret the world to the knowledg of children, it is she who builds th bridge of character from the hom to the world outside, over which th child must go alone."

Litany for Youth

"I come to thee, O God, in this litany of worship,

"Hear my prayer, O Lord.

"For the fathers and founders of my country; for the pioneers who felled the forests, tamed the rivers, tunneled its mountains, tapped the riches of its prairies; for the daring souls who went deep into mines and blocked out great cities; for the saints and prophets who made its laws, set up its system of government, gave their lives for its liberty, founded its schools and churches and homes—

"For these, O God, I thank Thee.

"Help me to hold sacred my body and all of the powers with which I am endowed; to grow in 'Wisdom and stature, and in favor with Go and man.'

"This I pray, in Jesus' name.

"Save me from any tendency t receive much from others and pa nothing on to the future.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord.

"Lead me to the tasks that a to be done; make me an instrume of thine; help me to prepare to gi my best; and may I ever be true thee, and to humanity.

"Accept this commitment of m self."

(From *The Future Belongs T* You, by Roy A. Burkhart. Cop right, 1939. By permission th Abingdon Press.)

Alice Louise Reynolds

By Jennie B. Knight

ALICE LOUISE REYNOLDS, a choice and greatly beloved spirit, has gone to her reward, o His presence where is fullness f joy. The Gospel of Jesus Christ as the guiding star of her life.

She had a great mind, a tender, nderstanding and friendly heart. he was gifted, particularly in her hosen field of literature. She was n ardent church worker and leader ll her life; an uplifting force in her chool and community. Her home was a haven of peace, confidence, culture and hospitality.

Alice Louise Reynolds was born April 1, 1873, in Salt Lake City, the daughter of George Reynolds and Mary Ann Tuddenham Reynolds. Her father, a cultured gentleman, was secretary to four presidents of the Latter-day Saint Church. He was the author of *The Story of the Book of Mormon*, the *Book of Mormon Dictionary* and the *Concordance of the Book of Mor-*

mon, and his daughter was justly proud of his achievements.

After her mother's death, when 13 years of age, Alice went to Provo with her sister Millie to attend the Brigham Young Academy. She became a student of Dr. Karl G. Maeser and was often a guest at his home. At the age of 17 she taught school in Salt Lake City and a year later in Nephi. In 1892 she entered the University of Michigan, doing some missionary work during the two years spent there.

In 1894 she was appointed instructor of English at the Brigham Young Academy, and with the Class of 1895 received a degree of B. Pd. An enthusiastic supporter of the Brigham Young University she was identified with this school for forty-four years.

She was made professor of English Literature in 1911. Students who have taken her courses in Chaucer, Shakespeare, History of the English Novel, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, and Literature of the Bible are numbered by thousands and are to be found in prominent positions in many of the states of the Union as well as in other lands.

Next to her classes she was especially devoted to the building of an adequate library for the B. Y. U. and had the satisfaction of seeing its remarkable growth from a few volumes to its present size. The Alice Louise Reynolds section of the library, established in her honor, has 2,940 volumes, many of these books being her personal contributions, the balance given by her club members and friends. She served on the library committee for thirty-five years and as committee chairman for twenty years.

Miss Reynolds was the first woman president of the Alumni Association of her Alma Mater. She was a veritable hostess for the school, having an art all her own in helping the presidents with whom she served in entertaining distinguished guests.

HER efforts in behalf of her Church were untiring. In addition to her school classes in religious education she was a teacher in the Sunday Schools, served the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association for many years as stake counselor, president and board member. She was an efficient member of the General Board of the National Woman's Relief Society, also serving as Associate Editor of the Relief Society Magazine from 1923 to 1928, and as Editor from 1928 to 1930. During this period she attended and participated in Relief Society Conventions in many of the stakes of Zion, gave lectures in the Idaho summer camps, and participated in general and ward Relief Society conferences. For eight years she wrote the literary lessons used by this organization. She also prepared lessons for the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association as well as for the General Sunday School Union Board.

Because of her very sympathetic, generous nature, she was often called upon to speak at funerals, to assist in writing letters of condolence, resolutions of respect and appreciation to the bereaved. In 1934 she collaborated with our beloved Harrison R. Merrill in compiling one hundred sermonettes by Dr. George H. Brimhall which were published in a volume entitled *Long and Short Range Arrows*. She was writing the history of the Brigham Young University and of her own life, both of which were unfinished at the time of her passing.

She was active in political affairs of both state and nation and was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention in San Francisco in

920, taking an active part in it. She ttended the National Convention t Houston, Texas, in company with er beloved co-worker, Inez K. Allen, hose recent passing we also mourn.

Miss Reynolds was an extensive raveler and deeply interested in orld affairs. She made four trips o Europe in the interest of addi- ional education and enlarged friend- hips. While there she took a num- er of courses at European universi- ies. She had many distinguished riends both at home and abroad.

During her last visit to London n 1937 she was most happy in being he guest of her life-long friends, Apostle Richard R. and Amy Brown yman.

Much as she enjoyed her early visit o Vienna and other wonderful cities f the continent, her last European ip was very precious to her. It as made soon after the coronation f King George VI of England, and uring the Centenary of the intro- uction of the Gospel of Jesus Christ y the Latter-day Saints into Eng- nd. President Heber J. Grant pre- ided at this celebration and Miss eynolds was an enthusiastic par- cipant.

Many delightful and enlight- ning hours have been enjoyed y members of churches, schools, lubs and home groups listening to er accounts of her trips abroad.

SHE had a keen interest in wom- en's work. In 1922 she was pre- ented with a wrist watch by Utah omen in appreciation of her work nd ability. This she very highly rized. She was a charter member f the B. Y. U. Women's Organiza- on, the Sorosis and Nelkie Read- ng Clubs. Dear to her heart were ne twelve Alice Louise Reynolds lubs which were organized by roups of her students and friends, or the purpose of study and cultural development and for the cementing of friendships. Since 1932 these groups have celebrated her birthday with receptions, banquets or pro- grams. She was always gratefully appreciative of these events. She radiated the Gospel light wherever she went and was a charter member of the Yeasharah Club, which is an organization of lady missionaries.

A devoted daughter and solicitous sister she took great delight in any success or joy that came to the vari- ous members of the large family of which she was a part. Her grief at their trials and sorrows was intense. No effort on her part was ever too great if it could bring sunshine to their hearts and homes, and she al- ways had their devotion and love.

Her home was a home of interest and hospitality. Here were many treasures, valuable topics of conver- sation. She had collected paintings, pieces of sculpture, beautiful china, and a rare collection of autographed books, which she said was her hobby. These volumes will, as requested by her, be placed in her section of the Heber J. Grant Library.

Alice Louise Reynolds will always hold a choice place in the hearts of her friends. One of her close friends, counselor Kate M. Barker, wrote of her, "Hers was a choice spirit trained in logical thinking, gifted with ex- ceptional power of written and oral expression, with a wonderful breadth of appreciation—a great mind and a great heart coupled with unaffected simplicity and tenderness which made her appreciated by old and young." We all miss her greatly but are thankful for her life, that she was our friend and co-worker, and feel assured that she was

"Borne in a moment at the heart's last beat
To realms more perfect than she dared to dream."

Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Poem Contest

HELEN HINCKLEY JONES

Cycle

(A Sonnet Sequence)

By Helen Hinckley Jones

(Awarded First Prize, Eliza R. Snow Poetry Contest)

The Blossoming

Persephone returns. Her gossamer
Flung light on every spring-warmed branch to dry
Breathes fragrance delicate, and paints a blur
Of loveliness against the rifted sky.
Beside the gate the lilacs burst to flower,
The roses riot golden in the lane,
In ecstacy the orchard waits the hour
When apple blossoms are in bloom again.

And when the misty blossoms' opening
Has made a fairy ceiling for our room,

We children take our dolls out to the swing
And play at keeping house. We love the bloom
Of apple trees. We sense that mystic thing
That we, like apples, blossom in the spring.

The Ripening

Demeter's pregnant breath in ray-shot haze
Clings warmly where the thicket berries turn
From green to dripping purple. And the days
Pass slowly, rich in miracle. The burn
Of sun is golden on the apricot
And ruddy amber on the pear. The stems
Release the rose-dipped peach; and in the lot
The juice-crisp apples are Aladdin's gems.

Then, when the long day sleeps and fruited limbs
Stand black against moon-whitened skies, we stroll
Down to the frayed old swing. My memory skims
The years since first I felt the orchard's soul.
And now I know beneath the apple tree
The fruitful days have also come for me.

The Waiting

Cold Boreas blows. His chilly finger lays
Upon earth's pulse. Her warm heart scarce can beat
Against the frigid pressure. Now he plays
A dirge-like tune through naked trees whose feet
Are banked with rotted fruit and dying leaves.
Then comes the snow. In mockery of spring
Bare branches bow beneath sharp snow and sheaves
Of ice fruit, in a dreary blossoming.

But still the orchard calls to me, and I
Must stand again beneath the apple tree;
I think I hear the snow-bowed branches sigh—
It's hard for mothers to wait patiently—
"Where are my seeds, and will they wake and grow?"
My seed is safe, and it will live I know.

Oh apple mother, spent with wondering,
All earth will waken in the warmth of spring.

EVA WILLES WANGSGAARD

GRACE ZENOR PRATT

Always At Night

(A Sonnet Sequence)

By Eva Willes Wangsgaard

(Awarded Second Prize, Eliza R. Snow Poetry Contest)

I Fear

The night hung low around the Saints in camp
  Circled by plains; the purple quiet broken
Only by stars and the oxen's hunger champ—
  These and the weight of brooding words unspoken.
Virginia wept beside her leaden spouse,
  Sickened by smells of camp fire smoke and labor,
Spent with the longing for her father's house
  Back on the sunrise trail beside a neighbor.
The right the unborn have to growth and room
  Crowded her aching heart till life was banded
By dread, unending weariness, and gloom
  Bought at the price the wilderness demanded.
Always at night her longing thoughts turned back,
Torn from all peace by a lengthening wagon track.

II Faith Restored

"A wagon train is headed east at dawn.
  Jim will not come. He is no man for turning.
Well, let him trek. Morning will find me gone;
  Love has grown thin on too much fear and yearning."
Her mind made up, she rose, aware of grief
  More felt than heard, and found a widow weeping—
Back on the trail like any autumn leaf

Locked in the earth, this friend's last child lay sleeping—
Virginia coaxed, "These wilds can be recrossed.
Come. All is gone." The widow's faith rose flaming,
"Who dares say *all?* Can God's own Cause be lost?
No! Zion waits, and deserts want reclaiming."
The young wife flushed, and fear was conquered there
While she knelt shamed and heard her friend in prayer.

The Widow's Prayer

"I do not ask them back—that cannot be—
My sons Thou didst take home when fever swept;
Nor do I ask for him who cherished me
Till Thou didst call. . . . How quietly they slept!
But if in dreams their eyes return and shine,
Let them bring joy and not this tearing storm;
If dreams shall place his hand again in mine,
Lend me the strength to feel it kind and warm.
This grace I ask is not for me alone—
Though empty years to woman's heart are long—
For strength is garnered not from flesh and bone,
But from the spirit fed by joy and song.
I would have all their strength within my hand
That thus through me they build the Promised Land."

Today I Gathered Roses

By Grace Zenor Pratt

(Awarded Third Prize, Eliza R. Snow Poetry Contest)

Today I gathered choicest roses, one by one, weeping—
White roses, pure, long stemmed and fragrant
To offer her who loved all nature so—,
And all the while I wondered could she know—
Could she but feel this deep regret and pain
Of mine, when I recall the unkind things
My thoughtless lips had spoken yesterday:

How I had smiled at her poor ways, her house so poorly kept;
I had been blind . . . and 'twas for this I wept.
That shy brief way of hers I could not understand—
And now her lips are silent, I shall never know
How great are silent ones who live and suffer so.

I could not know that yesterday would be her last,
When she passed by and I so coolly spoke—
I might have made a moment's passing cheer
Had I the silence broke and spoke to her. . .

Today I gathered choicest roses, one by one, weeping—
To lay them at her feet—
Tenderly, reverently, now that she is dead,
And yet my penance seems so incomplete. . . .

Romance of Quilting and Quilts

By Lutie H. Fryer
Assistant Professor—University of Utah

THE intimate things of life, those that surround us as we grow up, become so much a part of everyday existence that we never think of their beginnings. If we saw them for the first time perhaps we would feel curious about their origin, but as it is, to us they never began. They just are. Such is the case of quilts.

Quilt making as a homecraft art has played no small part in the growth and development of civilization in its march across the ages. In America from the earliest colonial times to the present quilts were a necessary part of pioneer homemaking, then as a product of awakened desire for beauty in the home, and now this twentieth century revival is an appreciation of that art, which of all the time-honored household arts has withstood the machine age, and has by no means reached the climax.

As known today, the quilt is the result of combining two kinds of needlework, both of very ancient origin, but widely different in character. Patchwork is the art of piecing together fabrics of various kinds and colors; it was used by the Egyptians for their clothes, wall decoration, and furniture. Quilting is the method of fastening together layers of cloth to secure firmly the "filling". We find that knights of the middle ages wore quilted jackets under their heavy armor to protect their bodies. Such a garment was called a "jamberson".

Before the ages of tapestry, the great halls were hung with quilted pictures. At the entrances, too, there was a similar hanging, because the great oaken doors, that were barricades in case of attacks, could not be opened and shut as the members of the household came and went. We still see evidences of these door curtains in some of the older churches in Europe where the metal or wooden doors are far too heavy to open each time someone enters.

Later the quilted hangings were replaced by embroidered pictures and they in turn by tapestries, but quilting still held its own for bed clothes and curtains.

From 1545 to almost 1620, quilting was used on some of the finest costumes; many of the skirts were quilted and embroidered in gold, and studded with pearls and other gems. In museums there are many beautiful examples of quilted petticoats that were worn during the 18th Century. Sometimes the overskirt hid the petticoat almost entirely except for a narrow panel down the front; at other times it showed beneath panniers of handsome brocade.

The quilt as we know it in America was in the beginning a strictly utilitarian article, born of the necessity of providing warm covers for beds and hangings for doors and windows to help keep out the cold winter and was so intimately connected with the everyday life of the colonies that no record of it exists.

Within the four walls of the crude log cabins there was little thought of adornment or art, and yet the

rtistic longing, latent or inherited, n every woman where her home is oncerned, unconsciously expressed tself in her quilts.

UNDER the general title of "Patchwork" we may consider hree different kinds of quilts: First, he pieced quilt, showing the pieced batch set together in various ways nd quilted in designs. Nearly all quilts made in America prior to 1750 were pieced quilts. Second, the appliqued, patched, or "laid-on" quilt, usually in floral design and considered by some as more elegant than the humble "pieced" variety. Applique for quilt-making came into favor about the middle of the eighteenth century and reached its climax about 1850. With the late revival of patchwork it has reached a perfection of artistic color combination and needlecraft far superior to anything made in earlier times. Third, the quilted counterpane which is usually white, producing a decorative value by use of padded or corded quilting in elaborate design.

The pieced quilt, made of pieces of fabric cut after a pattern and sewed together to form a block or repeat, was familiar to most households where economy was a necessity, as it was created of scraps of material not otherwise used. The precious scraps of printed cottons, so rare and costly in that day, were highly treasured for quilt blocks.

The applique quilt is apt to be a more artistic expression of the quilter's craft, in that it is created out of new or whole cloth. It offers greater freedom for the expression of the designer's artistic nature.

History tells us very little about the patchwork quilt prior to 1750, but between 1750 and 1850 many quilts were pieced and patched and many are now the cherished possessions of great-granddaughters of the original makers.

All the old favorite quilt patches had interesting generic names. These names are intriguing. Religion, occupations, politics, nature in its various phases, and their meager social activities all contributed their quota to the quilt names of colonial days. Rose of Sharon, Star of Bethlehem, Anvil, Ship's Wheel, Carpenter's Wheel, Churn Dash, Water Mill, Whig Rose, Lincoln's Platform, Democrat Rose, Sun Dial, Autumn Leaf, Garden Maze, Ocean Wave, and Eight Hands Around are a few well chosen familiar names.

Volumes could be written on the "Quilting Bee" and the part it played in the social life in pioneer days. Not having the modern conveniences for exchanging choice bits of gossip, the quilting bee afforded an excellent means of broadcasting the latest events, such as engagements, births, styles for women, etc. Here patterns were exchanged freely.

THE quilt's place in art is an important one, as the making of patchwork quilts is one of the most picturesque of all the folk-arts. It is the only homecraft that has withstood the machine age. Much of the beauty expressed by our architects, poets and artists of today had its first fling in these humble creations in the hands of our pioneer mothers. Bed-quilts, so essential to comfort, made them the most important form of needlework prior to about 1750.

Alice Morse Earl, in *Home Life in Colonial Days*, says: "The feminine love of color, the longing for decoration, as well as pride in needlecraft, found riotous expression in quilt-making. Women eagerly exchanged patterns with one another; they talked over the designs and admired pretty bits of calico and pondered

what combinations to make, with far more zest than women discuss art or examine art specimens today."

History repeats itself and today the old-fashioned quilt is the new-fashioned quilt, and the old patterns are as much at home among modern furnishings as they were among Queen Anne or Victorian furniture. One of the most modern touches in the present-day bedroom is a lovely old patchwork quilt of grandmother's, the priceless relic of bygone days. But women of today make a study of their bedrooms before selecting their quilts, so that the color-harmony and the pattern will be most suitable. Today a quilt may form a perfect symphony in one room and be a discord in another. In the colonial bedroom, where the bed was the principal piece of furniture, the quilt was the central motif, the object of first consideration both in pattern and coloring. The other decorations were of minor importance, hence there was no thought of matching the quilt to any particular color scheme.

Some of the loveliest examples of quilts were made during the Victorian era; they are an inspiration for quilt makers of today. The patterns are beautiful, especially when made up in soft, blended hues.

SO many lovely old quilts have come to light the past few years, some with gay colors and others that have mellowed into soft tints and shades that make us want to touch them to see if they are real. They are growing old gracefully. If they could talk they would tell us interesting stories of romance, travel or old-time garden parties when our grandmothers were young.

Of course, we probably always will have those quilts that live in seclusion, that never know a ray of sunshine or a breath of fresh air, unless they are on display for a few hours, then back into hiding. Quilts have always seemed so human that one wonders if they do not feel neglected when they are hidden away most of the time.

It is gratifying to know that many rare old quilts are being used today instead of being packed away where no one can enjoy them; and whether they be red and green or made of softer hues they find enthusiastic friends wherever they may be found.

Today the country is "quilt-conscious" and the making of quilts in the home has become astonishingly popular. Interest centers around authentic antique designs or modern ones that have definite artistic merit.

A quotation from Florence Bedell of the University of Colorado may help us to appreciate quilts:

"If you wish to collect something, and every one should collect something, quilts will make a most interesting and beautiful collection. Of course, association means much, so one from your own ancestors will be most valuable to you. With our present 'renaissance of old furniture and household articles,' the value of quilts is going up year by year. A few years ago a quilt made of pieces of dresses of Presidents' wives was offered for sale in Colorado for $25,000. If you cannot own such highly prized quilts, you can at least enjoy reading and studying about them so that when the opportunity comes you can look at a quilt with more appreciation."

Time adds significance to every quilt, whether you make it yourself or receive it as a gift. Enjoy it as you would any art treasure. With an artistic setting a quilt of gay collors is akin to a choice mosaic or a costly cameo of rare beauty.

Escape

By Wilford D. Lee

ELSIE MANNING lifted her pencil from the paper and reread the lines which she had just written. The words reflected back into her soul the subtle emotion which she had tried to put into them. An excited flush warmed her lean cheeks, and sent a flow through her work-hardened body.

Water lilies floating on a limpid pool,
Moon-lit silver glancing brilliantly,
The breath of night's long hush,
A sighing breeze
That sweeps the moon-glanced basin to the rim,
And the water lilies dip and sway. . . .

Like the breeze, emotion sweeps my aching soul,
Breathes softly from the depths of longing sighs,
And sets my thoughts a dancing in the light . . . .
White water lilies on a moon-lit stream. . . .

The far-away tinkle of tug chains broke into her reverie, shattering the spell which the woman had woven about herself. As the tinkling became clearer, she became acutely aware of the immediate time and place, of the staggering heat of the little shanty with its unpainted walls and bare floor.

The only polished piece of furniture in the room was the little writing desk. It was made of satiny walnut and seemed to be an incongruous intrusion upon the bare furnishings of the room. The desk was a present from her maternal grandmother. Each day it recalled to her mind the two magic, Alice-in-Wonderland years when she had lived with that lovely old lady in the big house and had been her sole companion. She arose and with a soft cloth removed the film of dust that had gathered on it, then turned to her other work.

She whipped the potatoes to a white froth, cut the large slices of bread, filled the granite cups with water, and then stepping outside she returned the heavy canvas water sack to its nail. Heat waves shimmered across the rolling landscape as four horses, streaked with sweat and dirt, moved toward the house in a cloud of dust.

Elsie hurried to the cistern to pump water before Frank had stopped the team. As he released the horses one by one, they hurried to the watering trough. One horse, an evil-faced bay, veered toward a little poplar tree, and reached out to nip off a mouthful of the leaves, the only green for miles about. The woman shouted at him, catching up a stick to drive him off. She remained guard over the little tree until all the horses had passed.

When Frank came to the house from feeding his team, Elsie had a big basin of water waiting for him on a bench just outside the door. His face was a dirt-colored mask through which his eyes and teeth flashed startlingly.

"How much water is there left in the cistern?" he asked, rolling up his sleeves.

"It's getting pretty low," she replied. "You'll have to haul tomorrow. Is John through with the tank?"

The man turned and looked off to the west where a little shanty not unlike their own was set against a ragged semicircle of trees.

"That looks like the tank there by his cistern now," he observed. "Did

you notice how many trips he made this morning?"

"This is only his second," his wife replied. "He usually makes three."

"That double tree must have broke," he scowled, blowing the water over his face and rubbing a rough hand over his neck. "We couldn't find a very good stick for it last week."

"Will you haul tomorrow then?" she asked.

"I guess I'll have to."

After dinner, Frank went out and looked at the car which stood by the side of the house. The rear tire was down, so he pumped it up. The top was gone, and the body, behind the front seat, was cut away and made into the semblance of a truck body.

As he was backing the car around, the woman screamed. He jammed on an ineffective brake, but he could not stop until he had bent the little tree over and scraped off some bark from the trunk. He scowled as he jerked the machine forward and swung away. When he had gone, Elsie took a piece of cloth and bound the bark back into place.

WHEN the dishes were done, the woman took two ten-pound lard pails, an old magazine, some paper, and the now empty water bag from its nail and started east along the dimly marked road. Soon she came to the rim of a canyon, a deep gorge cut through the flat earth. The creek looked cool and inviting as she stood there contemplating the pleasant scene.

With sure step she started down the slope. At the sound of her coming two boys, one about ten and the other twelve, came out from the shade of a clump of bushes to wave to her.

As she came closer, they caught up their buckets of berries to show her how many they had picked.

"We found a lot today, Mother," the older boy exulted. "There's a patch of service berry bushes down by that old mine just loaded with berries."

"And I found some currants, too, Ma," said Willie proudly.

"I put them on the bottom of the bucket. Gee, they're good!"

The mother smiled. "I'll bet you ate more than you put in the pail, didn't you?" she asked, brushing the boy's long hair back out of his eyes. They moved out of the hot sun into the shade of the bushes.

Jack, the older boy, glanced down at the papers his mother was carrying.

"Are you writing another story, Mom?" he asked.

She smiled a little sadly. "Yes, another . . . and another . . . and another. . . ."

"Gee, you've wrote lots of 'em, ain't you, Mom?" Willie observed. "What's the matter, don't they like 'em?"

"No, they don't seem to."

"Gosh, we do. That is, some of 'em,—the funny ones."

"It is hard to write a funny story here," she told them.

The boys emptied pails and then went off in search of more berries. The mother found a shady spot and opened the *Writer's Journal*, much thumbed and in many places heavily underlined. One passage she re-read:

"Most amateur writers love to describe that which they have never seen, reveling in those scenes and situations which they have never experienced. Not until they are capable of describing that which is about them and weaving their own real-life situations into their literature will they be successful."

She turned further and re-read a full-page advertisement:

"The ..... Magazine offers prize of $100 for the best short story n an agricultural theme. . . . It must e bright in its viewpoint, depicting real ife accomplishment. . . . Second prize 50 and a third prize of $25. . . . Manuscripts must be in by July First. . . ."

It was now over a month since she had sent in her manuscript, but as yet she had heard nothing from it. The hope that filled her soul ebbed or waned as she speculated upon the chances of winning the coveted prize. Did the delay mean that they were seriously considering her manuscript, or did it mean that it was lying stacked with thousands of others awaiting the attention of a negligent clerk. . . .

With a sigh she shut the magazine and took up her pencil. All through the hot afternoon she scribbled industriously. Her face, now lighted by the enthusiasm for her toil, reflected with versatile utterance the gamut of emotions through which her nimble mind ran.

When the sun sank below the rim of the canyon, she called to the boys, "We will have to hurry now, or Father will be in before we get home."

WHEN they arrived at the house, the father was not there; the horses, which had not been hitched up at all that afternoon, nickered quietly for water as the boys came by the cistern.

The boys unharnessed the horses, then fed and watered them while their mother chopped awkwardly at a crooked stick of quaking asp and made a fire. It was not until the setting sun had tinged the whole landscape with a wash of rose light that they saw the old car coming over the horizon.

When the man arrived, he was in a savage mood. She could tell that from the way he banged the battered old door of the car.

"Jack," he snapped at the boy who was playing by the shed, "water and feed the horses. Haven't I told you that when I'm gone . . ."

"They're all watered and fed," the woman told him quietly, "and we are waiting for supper."

He stamped around to the front of the house, took off his dust-covered jacket and hat, and rolled up his sleeves.

"John smashed that double tree," he growled, splashing into the water. "Had to go clear to town after a new one."

"How did you pay for it?" she inquired.

"Didn't. Had to run my face," he mumbled.

"Can't John pay for it? He broke it."

"He hasn't got any more than we have. He couldn't buy anything, you know that." He sloshed the basin of dirty water into the bucket beside the bench.

She made no reply. When he came in she asked, "Did you get the mail?"

For some reason he gave a short cynical laugh. "Yes, I got it."

BEFORE her husband and the boys were through with their supper, the woman left the table and stepped out into the starlit night. How bright the stars were! How silent and far away . . . and promising. The mail . . .

A strange excitement animated her as she made her way toward the car. An enthralling intuition quickened her breath and set her heart pounding. She took a deep breath. . . . Why had Frank laughed that way? Her hand explored the cold leather seat bottom of the car. It touched the sheaf of letters and papers scattered about. She gathered them up and felt again. . . .

Her heart sank. There it was, a large flat envelope—her manuscript.

She took it up, and pressing it close to her bosom, drew in a long quivering sigh. Escape? No wonder Frank had laughed cynically. She had tried to escape! She had hoped . . . she had prayed . . . she had worked . . . reached out an arm, a pulsating, quivering hand in the hope that it might find anchorage somewhere, that she might draw herself—all of them—out of this. . . .

For a long time she stood there quivering in the darkness. She gazed again at the stars . . . so far away . . . so inscrutable. Why did ambition rise in her like hot blood only to be chilled forever by blinding disappointment!

Her throat was tight. Idly she moved in front of the car. The dim light from the window shone on the radiator. A large butterfly, with its wings frayed and singed, was caught in the honeycombed grill. Her eyes were wet with tears as she plucked the butterfly out of its torture and held it on her work-stained hand.

"The wheel of fortune! A poor, beautiful thing broken across the ridge of modern civilization!" she murmured. . . .

The butterfly fluttered to the earth, a lovely piece of beauty, ravished and broken. It seemed that something within her, too, had died. Was it merely hope or was it soul itself!

She walked into the house and laid the mail beside her plate. "Well, I see that it came back," her husband scoffed. The "I-told-you-so" was so obvious that she turned upon him with a flash of anger.

"You . . . You . . ." Oh, why had she ever confided in him her hope.

"Aw, don't get sore. It's all right, I guess, only . . ."

"Only what?" She breathed deeply and blinked back the tears.

"Well . . . I don't mind little luxuries once in a while if we can afford 'em but postage and paper for those things . . ."

"I've sold three poems. I have eight dollars . . . or I did have. I'm using that for my postage."

"Eight dollars!" He sat bolt upright.

She bit her lip. The exultation died within her. Why had she told him! That double tree! She could see the light growing in his eyes. She would not have that money tomorrow. How far they had come since they were married! How far apart. . . . But in a moment she caught herself. She could not blame him. This life . . . It did things to some people, queer things that made them small inside. . . .

Unnoticed by Frank she slipped outside.

She must fight it out here and now. Could she ever escape this drab, disheartening existence? If not, how was she to content herself? Should she keep on writing—for herself—and live in a dream world of her own creating, unsatisfactory and pathetic as that was?

That story . . . about herself. The obvious foolishness of it all smote her. Presumptuous for her to think that she could write in competition with thousands of others, well educated, experienced, well trained. Bitterness welled up in her. She dropped upon the earth beneath the little tree and wept.

When the weeping had passed, she felt better. Something of the bitterness of life had flowed out of her with the tears. Was she like a butterfly, senseless, save for a few instincts implanted within her by some higher power? Was she like a tree, fixed and rooted, that could

not move nor act for itself? They were insensible to this mystic beauty about them, although they were a part of it.

SHE suddenly realized, as if she had just acquired new eyes, that all this was beautiful! She could understand and *feel*. . . . The appreciation of beauty. . . . That was it! Everywhere about her she could feel it and know its vitalizing power in life.

She leaped to her feet. The drab of her day-self was gone. How Frank would have marvelled had he seen her now! Vibrant, pulsating, alive, magnificent! But he slept audibly in the lean-to.

The faintly-felt images came flooding into her being, growing stronger as they came—and more understandable. She knew! Now she understood. Life was a mystic experience to be lived, within. She suddenly realized that she had been indulging in entirely too much self-pity. She had a mind . . . keen, alive, penetrating. She would live in that mind, for that mind, to perpetuate it, to give it new life in the souls of others.

What did it matter if they did come back, those stories of hers? She would write them again . . . and again . . . and again! There was joy! The joy of creation! At least on paper she could make people do as she wanted them to. She would speak through her characters, for she had something to say. This last story. . . .

There in the moonlight she went over it line by line in her mind, then looked at it as a whole. It was a sad thing, sadness unrelieved by any hope. The woman was herself. The land was this land. The life she had depicted was her life. Her fertile mentality stirred itself under the inspiration of her new vision. She must give the story life and hope, *that* was what it lacked.

WITH renewed vigor, she hurried into the house and lit the lamp. Almost joyfully she ripped open the big brown envelope and withdrew the sheets. To her surprise, instead of the usual printed rejection slip she found a typewritten letter. She took it up in her trembling fingers and read:

"Dear Mrs. Manning:

"We are sorry that your story did not win the prize in our contest. It was not the type of thing we wanted. But it is so well written that with a few changes we will buy it at our usual rates. Would you change your title from 'Chained' to 'Escape' and rework your ending so that your woman—she is an extremely interesting character—gives us some ray of hope?

"Sincerely yours,
"The Editors."

The strength left her limbs, and she sank down on a chair by the table. Burying her head in her arms, she wept almost hysterically. When she raised her head, there was a smile upon her lips and a light of holiness in her eyes. She had escaped!

Address

Elder Melvin J. Ballard

(Relief Society Conference, October, 1938)

THE Relief Society won my first love and is the organization of the Church to which I first belonged, because my mother was a Relief Society president when I was born, and she served as such for thirty years; so I was trained in the Relief Society.

Speaking for the Authorities of the Church here today, I have been asked to discuss the place of the Relief Society in the Welfare Program. I am very sure that you know your place, but it sometimes is good to go back to fundamentals and restate them, then upon that basis measure what is being done, and look forward to the future.

I am going to read a few extracts from the first address which the Prophet gave on the occasion of the organization of the Relief Society. Among other things he said: "This charitable Society is according to your natures, it is natural for females to have feelings of charity. You are now placed in a situation where you can act according to these sympathies which God has planted in your bosoms. If you live up to these principles, how great and glorious. If you live up to your privileges the angels cannot be restrained from being your associates. . . . This Society is not only to relieve the poor but to save souls. . . . And I now turn the key to you in the name of God, and this Society shall rejoice, and knowledge and intelligence, shall flow down from this time."

In illustrating the objects of the Society the Prophet also said: "That the Society of sisters might provoke the brethren to good works, in looking to the wants of the poor, searching after objects of charity and in administering to their wants; to assist by correcting the morals and strengthening the virtues of the community, and save the elders the trouble of rebuking; that they may give their time to other duties, etc., in their public teachings."

IN our great Welfare movement the Presidency of the Church kept well in mind the assignment that had been made to the Relief Society in the beginning, and the Welfare movement does not contemplate taking away from the sisters their assignment. I am quoting from a statement of the First Presidency in April, 1936, when this work was inaugurated: "Upon ward teachers and the Relief Society must rest the prime responsibility for discovering and appraising the wants of the needy in the ward. These must be administered through the regular organizations of the Church." Some of you may have, therefore, felt that because the brethren were called into the Welfare program that your privileges were trampled upon and that you were relieved of your responsibility.

Now if anyone has that notion I would like to set her right, because the auxiliary organizations have been called from ancient times until this time, and in revelations the Lord refers to them as helpers in government to the Priesthood.

In fundamentals I am sure we are all agreed that the responsibility of going forward in this Church rests upon the Priesthood, that divine authority which God has seen fit to give unto the brethren. Someone must hold this responsibility. Of course a woman does not hold the

Priesthood, but there are no blessings, privileges, nor exaltation given to husbands who hold the Priesthood that will not come to wives in just as full measure if they are faithful. The man holds the key that unlocks the door to privileges and blessings, but the Lord has also placed a responsibility upon the sisters to provoke the brethren to magnify their callings.

You have been willing to do this, you have enabled men to become bishops, stake presidents, and high councilmen, and give most of their time to the Church. You are making sure that he who holds the key that shall unlock the door to your exaltation shall not lose that key; and he must magnify his calling or he will lose it. There is no power, no influence in this Church greater than that which the sisters hold, and we could not do without them. But sisters, the reason the brethren called this Welfare organization into existence was not to tell you that you had failed, nor was it to tell you that they were going to take it over now. A climax of unemployment and relief had been reached—we had made a survey of the Church that startled us. Due to the depression, the long period of unemployment, and the great losses that had come to people, we found—including men, women and children—80,000 members of this Church in a perilous situation. We said, "This is too big a job to put entirely upon the Relief Society; the brethren now must rally to this task,"—hence this Welfare organization. You come in as a part of it, from the general committee where Sister Robison and her associates sit with us from week to week, to the stakes and the wards—you are a part of it. We have called upon the quorums of the Priesthood, who, after all, are to solve the problem. These shepherds—the High Priests, Seventies and Elders — should assume the responsiblity of looking after their flock. They should be a group affiliated with the Relief Society, to strengthen the hands of the sisters, to provide food, shelter and clothing for those in need. If we have, therefore, emphasized the new assistants to you in this organization it has been because we measured the size of the job, and felt it was too big to put the entire load upon your shoulders, able as you are. We knew also that we could not do this work without you. You have a very conspicuous place.

THE welfare problem developed as the result of circumstances that occurred during what we called the depression, and it is not going to disappear in a moment. It was not a thing that we could take care of in a year or two years; we never anticipated that, and unfortunately we were misquoted, because we did not declare that within a year we would take everyone off government relief.

We say to those who have any type of government work, "Stay with it until you can better yourselves." Our great task is to win people voluntarily to leave public relief work as soon as they can. Why? Because we know as well as we know that we live, that the great expenses of the last several years must stop or this country cannot carry the load. Indebtedness has reached over thirty-nine billions of dollars. I do not think that the Government is in any danger of bankruptcy; I would not have you think that, but it cannot go on indefinitely. Suppose it should suddenly cease! I am not criticizing the expenditures that have been made. I know this, that unless there had been vast sums of money expended to care for the hungry in this

country we would have had revolution long before this. Probably it may have been spent unwisely, but the motives were to stave off what would ultimately have caused trouble. I care not how good you are, if you are deprived of food you feel the pangs of hunger, and if you hear the cry of distress on the part of your children and those depending upon you, and there is an abundance in the land and you cannot get it by your own effort honorably, you will be tempted to help yourself.

I was in Cleveland last May attending a convention of the Boy Scouts of America. There were 87,000 people on relief in that great city, and no money with which to obtain food for them, nor would there be until July. I heard men stand up in that great throng of unemployed people and say, "Let us go down to the warehouse or store and help ourselves." I saw women go from door to door with baskets on their arms, asking for food. We know this is a serious problem which must be solved.

Some have the opinion that the Government has an inexhaustible store, and if they can just get from the Government it is all right. Every dollar the Government expends — either the city, state or national government—must be secured from the taxes of the people. Should taxes be put so high that people cannot pay them then property will be taken over. Let that go on and it would not be many years before we would be in a state of communism.

I believe that the greatest contribution that can be made through our Welfare program is to change the attitude of people toward relief. There came a situation where it seemed as if everyone were trying to get relief. It is a good deal like the quotation:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

When relief and relief work were offered we did not embrace it at first, but we grew familiar with it, we saw others embrace it, we pitied ourselves and then many embraced it. I am appealing to you to continue to stimulate every man and woman, young or old, to be independent, and it is our business to help him to be independent.

YOU sometimes hear an altogether too frequent criticism against the President of this Church because of the appeals he has made to people to be independent. There is a great misunderstanding concerning the Old Age Assistance, and I speak of this because we are embarrassed that nearly half the people in the State over 65 years of age—and the same is true of Idaho—are on Old Age Assistance. Why are they there? Because many people call it a pension until the feeling has grown and developed that it is a thing people are entitled to whether they need it or not. Many have qualified. Some disposed of their property to their children in order to qualify. It used to be that children had to say why they did not take care of their parents; now they are excused. It used to be that a person deeded his property to the State, and had a life right to it, but after death it was sold by the State. Now if they have less than $3,000 assessed valuation they may keep it all.

Now do not understand that the President of this Church would deprive any aged brother or sister of food, shelter or clothing. There is no more generous heart in this world than President Grant's toward the

suffering and destitute, and particularly aged people. We say that every aged man or woman who has paid his tithing and supported this Church ought not to have to go to public relief; we ought to take care of him; he has a claim upon this Church. For those who have never supported the Church and have no claim other than our sympathies, we have paid taxes to help in their care, but we do feel that with them, too, we can do a fine piece of missionary work in winning their loyalty to the Church. The man or woman who has never supported the Church, whether he be young or old, has no claim upon us, but those who will repent and support the Church and be loyal to it, then certainly they have a claim upon us.

NOW brothers and sisters, teach people to have the spirit of independence. It ought to be a reflection upon any son or daughter who is able to take care of a father and mother to let them accept Old Age Assistance. Old Age Assistance should not be regarded as a pension. Pensions are now being set up under the Security Act of the Government, by which the employee gives a portion of what he receives as salary and the business he works for contributes a similar amount, and this sets up a fund which, in times of old age or lack of work, may be drawn upon. Old Age Assistance has no such fund, it is secured through the sales tax or other taxes, and if it should be suddenly cut off many people would be without that aid and help so important to them. Our appeal is to encourage every family to look after its father and mother if possible, and not make them subjects of public charity. We would not say that those whose children will not support them, and who have no income, should not have Old Age Assistance. They are entitled to it if they cannot get help from any other source.

In order to help people to be independent we have a plan to build apartments around some of our temples where aged people may go and work on the records of people who are supporting them, and find joy in a service that earns them the food they eat and the shelter that is theirs. We would like to see this work extended until we can take care of thousands.

God bless you sisters for what you have done—a noble work. You are entitled to far more credit than the brethren. Although we put the burden upon the brethren you must go hand in hand with them; they are trying to help you carry your great assignment. This Welfare program is the greatest thing before the Church. We must not fail, we will not fail; but we will not fully succeed unless every man and woman does his utmost to assist in the solution of the problem.

God bless you and give you the vision to see the future, the courage to dare to go forward and influence the hearts of men and women to yield to our program, to accept of our cooperation, and to find security indeed in the Church in the Lord's own way, that will endure when troublesome times shall come.

The First Relief Society Organization in Alaska

By Ann Parkinson Nibley

BEFORE the Russians, English, Spanish, French, or Americans came to Alaska it was the country of the Indian and the Eskimo, and although today it is the white man's country, both in numbers and influence, the background of native customs and handicraft is apparent everywhere.

In Ketchikan one has opportunity to see and study the weirdly carved, brightly colored totem poles, grotesque reminders of bygone days, reminders of the rich native lore which is woven so definitely into Alaska's history. "These hand-carved family trees were at no time regarded by the Alaskan Indians as idols of worship; instead, they represent the coats of arms of tribes and clans and serve to preserve and transmit ancient legends and traditions among a race with no written language." "Totemism is recorded history, genealogy, legend, and art. The genealogical pole is usually erected directly in front of its owner's house and, as the name indicates, gives the genealogy of the family within. The wife's totem crowns the top, next the husband's, and so on down. Any native passing by and seeing the pole can tell at a glance the clan of the mother, which is the ruling one of the house. From this he will know whether or not he would be welcome to enter and stay there. If the ruling family of the house is not of his totem he passes on."

The Eskimos, so often thought to be native to all Alaska, are a distinct race and are seen in their native habitats only along the Bering Sea and within the Arctic Circle.

THE waters of Alaska's Inside Passage, smooth as a lake, are the greatest fishing waters in the world. Northward from Juneau, across the Gulf of Alaska, as if guarding the coast line, stands the highest coastal

TOTEM POLE

mountain range in the world. The gigantic Fairweather mountains and Mt. St. Elias, over 18,000 feet high, are visible for miles.

Boats stop at Columbia Glacier, known as the world's largest glacier visited by ocean-going steamers. This stupendous moving ice river is three miles wide where it enters the sea, extending thirty miles back into the

mountains. One reads that "glaciers should not be associated with an intensely cold climate, but with continuous warm, moisture-laden winds and clouds, and high elevation, so high that the winter snows of centuries will not be entirely removed by the summer sun."

Seward, "The Gateway City," 1,856 miles from Seattle, named in honor of William H. Seward, who as Secretary of State negotiated for the purchase of Alaska from Russia for a sum of $7,200,000 is a picturesque little city, sheltered by mountain ranges 3,000 to 7,000 feet high, and located on beautiful Resurrection Bay, so named by Baranof, its discoverer, who sailed into its peaceful waters on Easter morning.

From Seward the Government Railroad carries one inland 480 miles to Fairbanks. En route is Anchorage, a busy little city resting on a beautiful plateau above the waters of historic Cook's Inlet. Here several Latter-day Saints have located.

Leaving Anchorage the train enters the fertile Matanuska valley, famed for its Government colonization project. One of the grandest sights in the entire world is Alaska's Mt. McKinley, the "monarch of the North American mountains." Measured in height above its immediate base Mt. McKinley is the highest peak in the world. In their native worship, the Indians called it "Mt. Denali," meaning "Home of the Sun."

FAIRBANKS is Alaska's "Golden Heart". Here one may have the unique experience of seeing the "Midnight Sun". We are apt to forget that within our own country's confines this wonder may be seen. In the vicinity of Fairbanks the midsummer nights are darkless, and one is tempted to continue throughout the night, sight-seeing and in activities normally associated with only daytime hours.

One can see by the thickly wooded mountains, the tall green grass, wild fruits, and the immense size of the flowers, such as pansies and nasturtiums, that the sun shines overtime and must spend many sleepless nights.

One can also see how easy it would be for the citizens of Fairbanks to play their annual baseball game at midnight on the 21st of June. Here on the longest day of the year sunset and sunrise are almost simultaneous, and each occurs not in the east nor west but in the north. It is during the months of May and June that this midnight sun is at its best, dipping behind the horizon for only a few hours out of the twenty-four, and seeming to pause there, just out of sight, painting the sky in soft pastels, lighting the entire countryside in the diffused rays of its reflection.

Fairbanks is an intensely interesting city with a population of 2,500 people. It has all the marks of a frontier town, still it is a city with modern, comfortable homes, many private greenhouses, up-to-date stores, and fine schools. The University of Alaska, the northernmost institution of higher education in the world, is located here. The people seem even more air-minded than they are in the States, or "outside" as Alaskans say. It is also the center of a large and active gold-producing district.

Although the summer weather is warm and delightful, in winter the temperature goes down to from 50 to 65 degrees below zero. The people prepare for low temperatures by dressing warmly and building comfortable houses, many of them with double windows and doors.

Fires are kept constantly burning in barns and vegetable cellars.

ON the evening of July 7, 1938, President Preston Nibley and I, together with seven others, met with a group of Latter-day Saints living in this far-off territory. Three days were spent in Fairbanks among charming, cultured people.

Sunday, July 10, will always be a memorable day for Latter-day Saints in Fairbanks, Alaska. Gathered together at the home of Brother and Sister Erastus Peterson, a Sunday School was held with between 25 and 30 persons attending. After Sunday School Brother Lorin T. Oldroyd was set apart to preside over the activities of the Saints in the territory of Alaska, and a branch presidency for Fairbanks was organized. Dr. Murray Shields, head of the Department of Business Administration at the University of Alaska, was made president with Erastus Peterson first counselor and L. O. Tolman second counselor. The first Relief Society in Alaska was organized with Nettie May Baker Oldroyd as president, Cornelia Staker Peterson, first counselor, and Helen Broch Shields second counselor. Sister Alethia Tolman, baptized that afternoon, was chosen to act as secretary. With the exception of Sister Tolman these sisters have had years of experience in Relief Society and Mutual work, having held positions in both ward and stake organizations. These women are capable, well known and highly respected in the community and will accomplish much good.

Our Relief Society sisters here are unusually fine cooks. Can you imagine sitting down to a meal in the "heart of Alaska" of fresh lake trout, king salmon, caught in nearby streams, Alaskan grown potatoes, prepared Vienna style, creamed Alaskan grown peas, hot rolls, light as a feather, with sweet butter made at the Experimental Farm, spring salad of crisp lettuce, ripe tomatoes, cucumbers, green onions, garnished with green peppers and parsley—all grown in Fairbanks—jelly made from wild currants, and blue berries gathered from the mountains, perfect lemon pie and delicious strawberries grown on the campus of the University of Alaska, with rich thick cream separated on the Experimental farm?

When one considers that bread is twenty-five cents a loaf, lettuce thirty-five cents a head, milk twenty-five cents a quart and other commodities just as high, one doesn't wonder that much time and care is spent in wholesome home cooking.

THE climax of the visit to Fairbanks, according to President Nibley, came with a public meeting held in the Masonic Temple Sunday night. Over one hundred and twenty visitors and investigators came to the meeting, among them President Bunnell of the Alaska University. Testimonies of the truth of the Gospel were borne to an attentive and sympathetic audience. Sister Bowen, formerly Margaret Anderson, well known as a soloist with the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir, sang three beautiful songs, which led the editor of the newspaper to comment the following day that she was the "finest singer that had ever visited Fairbanks."

Our Saints and friends in this faraway land of friendly, delightful people, unaffected by too close contact with the more crowded centers of civilization, are very dear to us. We are thankful in our hearts that we have been privileged to visit with them and organize the first Branch of the Church and the first Relief Society in the Great Territory of Alaska.

The Needs of the Human Body for Heat and Energy

By Dr. Rose H. Widtsoe—University of Utah

THERE are six important phases of nutrition which will be considered in a series of articles as follows: the heat and energy value of foods; proteins; fats, starches and sugars; mineral salts; vitamins, and finally the balanced diet, as it involves all of the preceding divisions.

As stated in a previous article, the three important general uses of food in the body are to supply heat and energy, to build body tissue and to control the various activities that go on in the body in order to maintain life.

HEAT and Energy Value of Foods. The body requires heat in order to maintain a normal temperature of 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit. At this temperature the various processes of the body go on more efficiently. Any excess heat is eliminated from the body.

In addition to the heat requirement necessary to maintain normal temperature of the body, energy or the power to do work is also needed. All of this heat and energy comes from the food one eats. The original source of food energy is the sun. As the plant grows, energy is bound up in it and remains there until the plant is eaten, digested, and burned. As the food is burned the energy and heat which were bound up in the plant are released for body use. Animals and human beings do not have the power to form foods, as the plants do, from the elements and inorganic material in the air, soil and water, but must eat the foods that have been formed by the growing plants.

MEANS of Measuring the Heat and Energy Value of Foods. The body is not restricted to the use of any one foodstuff for heat and energy. The starches, sugars, fats and proteins are all burned in the body and yield heat and energy. Certain foods yield much more heat and energy than others. In order to determine the relative fuel values of the various foods it is necessary to have a common measure. This common measure is called the "calorie" and expresses the energy value in terms of heat units. One must realize, however, that the body is not a heat engine such as mechanical engines in which heat is the source of the work. In the body heat is rather the result of the internal and external work which the body does. The energy is the power by means of which the body does its work. It is difficult to understand the significance of a calorie, but we say it is the amount of heat required to raise four pounds (about four pints) of water one degree Fahrenheit. One thinks of the calorie only as a means of comparing the energy value of foods. As one is accustomed to measure quantities in ounces, pounds, inches, yards, pints, etc., so must one measure the heat and energy value of foods in calories.

THE Needs of the Body for Heat and Energy.

1. *The body needs heat in order to maintain the normal body tem-*

perature. The infant requires heat to keep its body warm. Warm, lightweight clothing is used to keep in the body heat. A limited amount of food will furnish all the heat and energy needed. As the child grows older and becomes more active, he will require more food to meet his needs. Adults do not need additional food to maintain normal temperature because an active person is really producing more heat than the body needs and feels uncomfortably warm until the blood cools off. This "cooling off" is made possible by the evaporation of the moisture, or perspiration, on the surface of the body.

2. *The body needs energy for work.* There are two general types of work, internal and external. The internal work is going on constantly as long as life lasts. The heart is beating; the lungs are breathing; the muscles of the stomach and intestinal walls are expanding and contracting; the liver, kidneys and many secreting glands are constantly performing their important functions. One of the greatest needs for energy is in maintaining the muscles in a state of tone so that they are always ready to do work. One is not conscious of this vast amount of work that is going on all the time in our bodies. A large amount of food is required just to meet the needs of the internal work.

The external work, or the work done by the body of which one is conscious, requires by far the greatest amount of energy. Every movement of the body, sitting or standing, walking around, working with one's hands, etc., requires energy in addition to that required for the internal body work. The amount of energy needed depends upon the kind and amount of external work done. Sitting down sewing requires a certain amount of energy, while the same person doing heavy housework requires much more. This means that the greater the amount of work done and the harder the work the greater the amount of food that must be eaten to supply the required energy.

3. *Energy is also needed for growth and repair.* The adult needs food for use in keeping the body in a state of repair. The body cells are constantly wearing out and being replaced with new ones. A small additional amount of energy is required for this purpose.

Growing children need energy not only to repair worn-out cells but to build new cells for growth. Rapidly growing children may be storing, in growth, as much as 12 to 15 per cent of the energy value of the food eaten.

The pregnant woman requires a very small additional amount of energy for building new tissue, but this need is generally overestimated. It is more necessary that a pregnant woman look well to the kind of food she eats rather than to increase the amount. The diet of a woman in this condition should consist largely of milk, eggs, fruit, whole cereals, vegetables and meat sparingly. Such foods will furnish the vitamins and minerals that are necessary. The calories will usually be sufficient. Too often pregnant women put on excessive weight.

The lactating mother will need additional calories, equal in amount to the milk she secretes, as well as the energy required to secrete it.

SOURCES of Food Energy. All food except water and the mineral salts yield energy when burned in the body. Different foods yield different amounts. The food groups yielding energy are classified as carbohydrates, fats and proteins.

1. *Carbohydrates as a Source of Heat and Energy.* The carbohydrates

re the chief source of energy. This roup comprises all of the sugars nd starches. The sugars and tarches are built up by the growing lants. Many of the sugars, called imple sugars, are ready for the lood stream and are not acted upon y the digestive juices. Such sugars ccur generally throughout the veg- table kingdom. The sugar that we se on our tables is manufactured rom the juice of beets or sugar cane. Brown sugar is the same as white ugar except that a small amount of he "mother liquor" is still in it. n other words some of the water nd coloring matter has been left in he sugar. It has not been purified nd bleached.

Sugars are readily soluble and are asily digested. When they are urned in the body they yield car- on dioxide, a very weak acid, which s eliminated by the body through he lungs, and water which is also liminated by the kidneys and by the kin. So sugars are completely urned and in burning give up the nergy that was enclosed in them vhen they were formed by the grow- ng plant. In a similar manner tarches are formed by the growing lants. Starches differ from simple ugars in that they are insoluble in vater and must be acted upon by he digestive juices and changed to imple sugars, glucose, before they an be burned in the body. So all ugars, except the simple sugars, and ll starches must be changed by the ligestive juices to simple sugar before hey can be used by the body. Such oods are our best sources of energy ecause they burn without leaving ny waste products. From one-half o two-thirds of our total food cal- ories should come from sugars and tarches.

The best sources of carbohydrate oods are sugar and starch. White or brown sugar, honey, syrup, molasses, dried fruits, raisins, figs, dates, and all fresh fruits are carbohydrate foods. The best sources of starch are cereals, bread, crackers, cakes, cookies, macaroni and spaghetti, and all root and tuber vegetables, potatoes, Irish and sweet, beans, corn, carrots, peas, squash, etc. All of these foods are rich in calorie value.

2. Fats are derived from both the vegetable and animal foods. It is the chief form in which fuel is stored in the body. Fatty tissue is stored between and around the vital organs and in a layer under the skin. This fat is used for fuel if the diet does not furnish sufficient calories to meet the needs of the body. The most successful way of reducing one's weight is by reducing the caloric value of the diet, thus giving the body a chance to burn some of its fatty tissue.

Fatty foods are much more concentrated than carbohydrates or proteins. When burned in the body, they yield two and one-half times more energy per given weight. The best sources of fatty foods are cream, butter, animal and vegetable oils such as olive oil, corn or Mazola oil, cotton seed oil or Wesson oil, lard, snowdrift and meat fats.

3. *Proteins as a Source of Heat and Energy.* Heat and energy are also produced when protein foods are burned in the body. Only one-half of the protein food burned is used to produce heat and energy, so we do not think of the protein foods as good sources of energy. For this reason we do not eat nearly as much of this type of food as we do of the carbohydrates and fats. There are, however, many important uses for protein foods in the body.

The best sources of protein foods are cheese of all kinds, meats of all

kinds, poultry, fish, eggs, milk, nuts, peas and beans.

THE Effects of Undereating and Overeating. How can one tell whether he is eating too much or too little or just the right amount to meet the body's need for energy? If one eats more food than is needed by the body, one will put on weight. The opposite is true if one eats too little, the weight grows less. Neither condition is good. A growing child should gain weight consistently until he is fully grown. The weight should then remain constant over a long period of years if just the right amount of food is eaten.

An insufficient amount of food to supply the body's need for energy may lead to underweight with its accompanying evils: nervousness, irritability, loss of appetite, indigestion, listlessness and lowered vitality.

An excess of food will result in overweight and may lead to general inefficiency, lack of ambition and inconvenience. It may also result in diseases of various kinds.

NEW BEGINNINGS

Every morn is a new beginning,
A fresh start in the battle of life,
A sweet invitation to conquer
The ills of the storm and the strife.

Yesterday's errors are over and gone;
Yesterday's heartaches, sorrows and pain
Are healed by the balm of the quiet night
And will never come back again.

Each new year, a door to the future,
The key in the keeping of all,
A room full of wonderful treasures
Adorning its luminous wall.

The old year with its failures and losses
Fades away like the mists of the sea,
All its wrongs, its tears and unkindness
Are lost in the swell of eternity.

—Grace M. Candland.

Morning Music of the Immortals

By Marianne C. Sharp

WON'T you come with me to a meeting of the Women's National Radio Committee? It is held in a small room high up in Steinway Hall on 57th Street in New York City. Seated in chairs around the room are women representing national organizations. Among them is a representative of our own Relief Society.

The meeting is called to order by the chairman and from then on for about two hours all the discussions turn to the point, "How can women raise the level of radio?" We take up in turn children's programs, abandoned programs, music, commentators, proposed programs, etc. We learn with regret that one splendid program is to leave the air because its sponsors did not receive enough fan mail. An encouraging note, however, is struck when we hear that a famous symphony hour is to continue—primarily because it was voted the most popular in its field in the yearly poll conducted among women by the Women's National Radio Committee.

Through it all runs the theme that we, the women of our country, have a great opportunity to raise the level of radio and that we are letting it go by. It seems true that the people who enjoy the best type of broadcasts are not the ones who write in commending a program, and thus a wrong picture is drawn for sponsors and radio stations alike.

The women of our Church could exercise a great influence in remedying this condition. It is reported that a Utah man, high in radio circles, remarked the other day, "Utah doesn't want symphonies, it wants swing." Is this true?

It has been found that women listen to a radio as they go about doing their work in the morning. Their best hours are from eight to eleven, varying with individual circumstances. At least two local stations in New York City have taken advantage of this fact. One offers a "Master Work Hour" from nine to ten each morning. The other one has recently increased its hours of fine music. From eight to nine is a "Symphonic Hour," and from nine to ten is the "Composer's Hour" and each day a different composer is presented at which time a short synopsis of his life is given, followed by the playing of some of his compositions.

We know that radio stations must make money, but we believe they will find their morning advertising more effective when good music is offered. Of this we are sure, but all our belief and desires will get us nowhere unless we make our desires known. The only way to change the present deplorable condition is for the women to write in and tell the stations that they really prefer a symphony to tunes that are here today and gone tomorrow. Ask also that when a sustaining program is broadcast it be one of a high type.

As a Church we seek after every goodly thing. Certainly fine music is one of these. Shall we do our part that our souls, as well as our ears, may be stirred by music of the immortals? Let us all write our local stations and tell them in no uncertain terms that we women do want—Morning Music of the Immortals.

Women We Should Know

FLORENCE JEPPERSON MADSEN—DOCTOR OF MUSIC

By Ramona W. Cannon

FLORENCE JEPPERSON MADSEN has played and sung almost since she could speak. She remembers when she used to stand by the family organ, treading with one foot and reaching above her head to keys she could not see, to play the lead while she sang the alto of familiar songs. This spontaneous self-expression became even more interesting when admiring visitors began to leave her quarters and fifty-cent pieces for the entertainment. At five the little girl was making regular public appearances. Her first truly professional performance occurred at the age of eight. She and two brothers played the organ, violin, and bass all afternoon for a children's dance at a private residence. They proudly marched home with their recompense — a pound of butter — value twenty cents.

The Jepperson family would make a most interesting study in heredity. The father and mother had extraordinary musical talent. It must have been a dominant characteristic in both because all six children inherited it, the grandchildren likewise. The father was a landscape painter as well—was in fact known as Utah's pioneer artist. Several of the children inherited this versatility. Florence herself has about forty good paintings to her credit, which she has done in periods of recreation.

In both parents love of music equalled the talents they possessed. The mother, Minnie Johnson Jepperson, was known as Provo's contralto singer. She had no training but a voice which retained its exquisite, melting quality into advanced age. The father, Samuel H. Jepperson, crossed the plains at three years of age, and lived at a period when conditions forever demanded the practical—breadwinning, shelter, manual labor. But he hungered for a violin. At last came his opportunity. In exchange for several loads of logs he could have a violin. So at thirteen he went, alone and barefoot, into the canyon. He had to manage the team, make his way through the prickly, tangled thickets which scratched his bare flesh, cut and load the logs without help, keep an alert eye and ear for the snakes which infested the region, and spend lonely nights praying for protection from the ferocity of Indians and wild beasts. He obtained the coveted instrument and learned to play it and also the clarinet. He made musical instruments, taught music, organized bands and orchestras throughout the state, and developed an orchestra among his own family. As they sent their sweet harmonies into the outer air, crowds assembled around the house to listen. This orchestra could play the organ, trombone, bass tuba, clarinet, oboe, violin, guitar, and string bass.

Without wealth the family yet lived a life rich in beauty, accomplishment, and associations with great and talented spirits. Mr. Taggart, the New York artist who painted portraits of the Twelve Apostles, was a close friend and did portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Jepperson as a

token of esteem. Dr. Winship, the educator, was another friend. By means of cooperation and sacrifice all the children received musical educations. The encouragement of the art and poetry of life meant more to the family than the acquiring of food, clothing and household furniture. "Father desired things for us," says Florence, "but Mother saw that they happened."

FLORENCE for two years before entering Brigham Young University assisted Professor J. R. Boshard in his duties as music supervisor in the Provo schools. After receiving a diploma from the Provo college, she went to the New England Conservatory of Music where, after supporting herself entirely through her student days, she was graduated with high honors. She remained in Boston for thirteen years. From the time of her arrival there, she was a church, concert, and oratorio singer, and for eight years she was head of the vocal department in Lasell Seminary, one of the choice girls' colleges of America. She provided a brother's four years' eastern training in art and music, and two years' musical training for her sister. Besides this she helped many Utahns; she was in fact commonly referred to as the fairy godmother of the Utah students.

Unexpectedly a strange incident occurred in her life. An intimate friend, a convert to the Church, who had studied with her in the Conservatory was left a widow with three young children and her health poor. With forebodings in her heart, she asked Florence to promise to take her three children and rear them in case of her own death. Florence attempted to reassure her, but she was insistent and Florence gave the promise.

Soon afterwards Forence came back to Utah to become professor and head of the music department of the Brigham Young University. Dr. Chadwick, President of the Conservatory, had urged her to remain in Boston where she was making a great success; he predicted a brilliant future for her. But her heart longed for her own people, and she felt an urge to give the best of her high attainments to Utahns and her Church.

Two years later, in March, she received a telegram that her friend had died, expressing the wish that Florence take her children. She obtained leave and arrived to sing at her friend's funeral. Remaining away from her college work for three months, she obtained custody of the children, for whom no financial provision had been made. This occurred in June, and in August she married Franklin Madsen, also a member of the music department of the Brigham Young University, a teacher of the theoretical subjects and an unusually capable music conductor. Under these conditions, Florence did not expect to advance further in her own career. But her husband recognizing her great talents insisted that she go on. With his help and cooperation she has since marriage taken the following degrees: B. A. from the Brigham Young University; Bachelor of Music, Master of Music, Doctor of Music and Doctor of Music Education from Chicago and Boston institutions. These are rare degrees infrequently attained.

DURING the 1929 and 1930 seasons Mrs. Madsen conducted the music of the famous California Mission Play. The night of its three thousandth performance Madame Schumann-Heink was guest soloist. Calvin Coolidge was present and

congratulated Mrs. Madsen, referring to the evening as the occasion he would longest remember of his Western trip.

One summer she conducted four musical plays by J. S. McGroarty, author of the Mission Play. These were presented in a tent stretched over nine live oak trees with a seating capacity of twenty-five hundred. The lighting and scenic effects were most beautiful. Mrs. Madsen arranged or rearranged most of the music and composed some of it, notably the "Indian Love Lament," for which her sister Marguerite had written the words.

Two years ago the Madsens drove to Boston to hear the Lament sung by a ladies' chorus of 165, accompanied by the full Boston Symphony orchestra. Florence, upon being discovered there, was enthusiastically applauded.

Last year the Madsens were loaned by the Brigham Young University to the Church Music Committee to launch its very laudable music project in the five stakes of southern California. They loved this experience, and it met with enthusiastic response.

Both the Madsens are members of the faculty of the National Summer School Conference on School Music Materials for supervisors and teachers of music, where they give two weeks of intensive training during the summer.

Mrs. Madsen organized the first oratorio society in the state during war time and turned the proceeds over to the soldiers. She is mentioned in the "Who's Who in Women of America." She is very successful with composition work, and has published six ladies' choruses and two anthems for mixed voices. One of these is Brother George H. Brimhall's, "Oh, May I Know the Lord As Friend." Another soon to appear has used as its text words from the 84th Section of the Doctrine and Covenants.

Sometimes in our zeal for duty in regard to the Gospel we forget its beauty. Florence Madsen preaches religion through beauty, bringing people closer to an understanding of the "measureless riches of the Gospel of Christ." Through music our hearts are softened and our spirits uplifted and opened to the outflowin goodness of God. Artists like Mrs. Madsen are rare. They must have first the natural gift, then tenacity of purpose, an inexhaustible capacity for work, intellectual, emotional and spiritual depth and understanding. When we have them in our midst, let us honor them.

BEST

'Tis fine to travel broadly,
To sip earth's nectar clear;
'Tis fine to meet in friendship
Those whom we hold most dear;
Then life is full of sunshine,
Hearts revel in love's call;
But joy of service rendered
Is the best gift of all.

—*H. Asa Fowler.*

Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd

By Dorothy Clapp Robinson

CHAPTER TEN

THE Doctor went into Tim's room just ahead of me. I dropped to my knees by the bed and laid my face against the one on the pillow.

"Tim. Tim. Oh, thank goodness you were not killed!" He put his one good arm about me. The other was in bandages.

"Don't worry," the Doctor's calm, level voice kept me from bursting into sobs. "He'll be out in a week."

"I should have taken the wheel," Tim explained. "I knew when we left Arliss that Don had been drinking and that we had a bad stretch of road. I did suggest it, but he would not listen. Was he hurt?"

"Some," the Doctor answered. "But he will be out in three or four days. It always happens that way. We just brought the girl from the operating room. I promised to let you know how she was."

"Salle!" I cried, springing to my feet. "I must go to her at once."

"She is still under the anesthetic. Her mother is with her. You had better wait until tomorrow. We will know then whether she is going to live." He went out.

Tim groaned, and I clung to him in terror. Salle, so full of life and ambition!

"If she dies I shall always consider myself responsible," Tim muttered from between set lips. "I was the oldest and should have knocked out that worthless pup if necessary. It was a needless accident."

Another thought occurred to me, and I clung to his good arm. "Tim, if anything had happened to you I would not have known where you were."

"I thought of all that while I lay under that car waiting for help. I decided if I got out alive several things would be different. One is —no more secrets."

"I should not have been suspicious, Tim. It was all my fault. And I shouldn't have let my work come between us. I will give it up tomorrow."

"Not on your life. But your work did have something to do with it. I was mighty proud when you were put in president, but I knew some expense would be involved; you would need some one to look after the children more often, and there might be other expenses that couldn't be helped."

"So you thought you would take on extra work and not let me know."

"I thought if you knew you would object. I know now I should have told you what I was doing. To trust is all right, but sometimes our sense of trust is strained too far. Subterfuge always breeds occasions for doubt."

"And I couldn't understand why you wouldn't go places—when you were so tired."

"Some of that was plain laziness. I'd rather stay home. Then I was asked to put another's affairs in shape."

"Diane's?"

He looked at me sharply. "You know about her?"

I nodded. "She died tonight."

He started to rise but fell back with a groan. His face went gray,

not alone with pain. Later he said:

"She was a grand kid but headstrong; like her father, Mrs. Grow said. She had some land she wanted to dispose of, so we planned on putting Holman and Peters out there. They both like to farm, and Bishop thought it would be the best."

"He knew what you were doing?"

"Yes. We were working it out together. But never again will I go away without telling you."

I clung to him in silent thankfulness. He was my own, my Tim after all.

A FEW days later I called to see Don. Mrs. Grow sat beside her boy. On one side of his bed was Nedra Williams. She held one of his hands in both hers, and her face fairly shone with the joy of love and conquest. Don, too, looked at me, but he was self-conscious.

"Mrs. Maylord," he began, "Ned and I—"

"Don't bother to explain," I told them. "It is written all over your faces and I am so happy for you." I meant the last more than they would guess.

"Do you think—that Salle will mind?"

"Not nearly as much as if she had married you and then found you loved Nedra."

After spending a few moments with Don I left. Mrs. Grow went down the long hall with me. "I am glad," she said quietly, "that he has gone back to Nedra. He would not have been happy with Salle nor she with him. Nedra is his kind and will make him a grand wife. But I love Salle so much."

"Will you go in with me to see her?"

"Not now. Losing her and Diane at the same time has been hard. I shall be a lonely woman. I shall see her in another day or two. Just now I will go to see Mr. Holman. Peters left the hospital yesterday."

"I am glad they weren't hurt badly."

Her face blanched, and I wished I could recall the words. Quickly I said, "After all, the accident has been a good thing all around. It has straightened out several tangles. Don probably won't drink again—and it brought him and Nedra together. You will soon love her. Come to our meetings. It will give you an interest in something."

She looked at me a moment and then said quietly, "I believe I will. If I can get a fraction of the satisfaction from it that you get, it will be worth while."

REJOICING in the way things were clearing up I went into Salle's room. I found her in tears.

"Why, Salle, what is it?"

"Nothing," between sobs.

"You must not excite yourself. Doctor says you are going to be all right. It is only a matter of time."

"I—I know it."

"Then why cry?"

"Nedra Williams was in here a while ago—"

I brought her up sharply. "Don't tell me, Salle Richards, that you are crying over Don. Were you in love with him after all?"

There was such dismay and incredulity in my voice she started to laugh, a half-crying, hysterical laugh.

"Would it have been that terrible? Of course I wasn't. But it is—I don't know what is the matter with me. I am always doing the wrong thing. And his mother hasn't been in to see me. I thought she liked me. She did send me some flowers—so did the Mutual officers."

"Didn't you know?"

"Know what?" she asked quickly. "She has been away. She was in see you, but you were uncon- ious. She will come later."

"Where has she been?" Salle's ice had gone deadly quiet.

"Taking Diane—home."

"Oh," that was all, but it told of a ound on the girl's heart that would long in healing.

THERE came a sudden sharp knock, but before I could reach the door was flung open and Kent vans stood before us. His glance ent immediately to the girl on the ed.

"Salle," in two strides he was be- de her. Salle, Darling. I just eard. I have been away."

With a happy little cry Salle surrendered herself to him. I closed the door hastily.

Tim went home that day, and as I rode beside him I found my thoughts going back over the year's work. I thought of the Holmans, the Peters family, Salle, and the mystery that had surrounded the Grow home—that hadn't been a mystery after all. I thought of the way Gloria had sung "Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd" on my first official visit to her. "Are there any of us who are not wandering sheep?" I asked myself. But so dear are we to the Kind Shepherd that he leads us all into returning paths of security and service.

THE END

EARTHBOUND

By Celia A. Van Cott

I love this world! I do not want to know
When last I see the sunset mold the hill
In aureole of gold, or the fluffy frill
Of pearled clouds afloat in the crimson glow
Of a dawning sky. I do not want to know
Which day will be my last. I want to thrill
With each new dawn, with birds enraptured trill,
Or the beauty of the soft, white falling snow.

My spirit's strong with earthly beauty, God,
So deep in love with greening field and sky,
With seasons' interwoven harmony;
My spirit's rooted in this human sod.
It would be hard, O God, to say goodbye,
To know the last of life's sweet melody!

HAPPENINGS

By Annie Wells Cannon

JANUARY—The perfect rainbow of our today comes when the sweetness of our yesterdays blends with the hopes of our tomorrows.

AMANDA KNIGHT HALL is the name of the women's dormitory of the Brigham Young University at Provo, Utah. It is most appropriate that the benefactions of this estimable and cultured woman, Amanda McEwan Knight, should be thus recognized. Almost from the inception of the University to the time of her death Mrs. Knight was a liberal donor and patron to this excellent school of learning.

EDITH N. RODGERS, Jennie Sumner, Mary T. Norton and Caroline O'Day are the only women representatives in the new Congress. Only 93 women in the whole United States came out for election to office in 1938.

QUEEN MAUD of Norway, who died last November, was greatly loved and deeply mourned. She was the last survivor of the family of Edward VII and Alexandra of England.

FRANCES RICH, noted sculptress, forgot to put her name on her first monumental piece—a memorial to the Army and Navy nurses—unveiled in Arlington National Cemetery last November, but her mother, Irene Rich, screen and radio actress, took her daughter back to Washington by plane to cut her name in the stone.

FLORA CLAY, stewardess, played a heroine's role in a crash over the Pacific. After helping every one out of the fusilage she swam ashore but was swept back into the sea by a careening plane wing.

LAVELL CHRISTENSEN, 16 of Utah, was awarded a $200 scholarship at the 4-H congress at Chicago. Irene Brown of Illinois entered a young steer which she bought for $60. He was pronounced champion and sold for $3,785.50.

ALICE LOUISE REYNOLDS writer, educator and organizer of Provo, Utah, died last month. Miss Reynolds was known nationally and internationally as an authority on English literature and for her fine judgment concerning books. She will be mourned by hundreds of friends.

WILHELMINA ROGERS, 104 and Caroline Angerbauer, 93 of Utah, celebrated birthdays recently, while Mere Whaanga, 90, traveled 8,000 miles from New Zealand to spend her last days in salubrious Utah.

PEARL BUCK has gone to Sweden to receive the award for literature—The Nobel Prize. She is the first American woman to have this honor.

VIRGINIA WOOLF'S "Three Guineas," Sheila Kay-Smith's "The Valiant Woman," Margaret Ayers Barnes' "Wisdom's Gate" and "Thrice A Stranger" by Vera Brittain are among the glamorous books of this last year.

Interesting Verse

AMONG the interesting and talented women who have served the Relief Society organization the names of Lula Greene Richards, Emmeline B. Wells, and Cornelia H. Horne Clayton stand out with prominence. Blessed with unusual literary ability Sisters Richards and Wells served the organization as the first Editor and Assistant Editor respectively of the *Woman's Exponent*, which was founded in 1872, a quarter of a century after the pioneers landed in Salt Lake Valley. Sister Horne, gifted with business ability, served as its first business manager from December 1, 1875 to July 15, 1877, when she resigned to become the bride of James Leroy Clayton. Their association on the *Exponent* brought to these women a deep appreciation and sincere love for each other.

At the wedding feast prepared for Miss Horne the following poem, written by Lula Richards, was read by Emmeline Wells. After the reading of the poem President John Taylor, who was one of the guests, pronounced it "the choicest of the many valuable and beautiful tributes offered on the sacred and joyful occasion".

Sister Richards is the only one of the three still living. Her physical and mental vigor are unusual. Ninety years of age next April she still serves the Relief Society organization.

"Corneel"

By Lula Greene Richards
(November 29, 1875)

Corneel, Dear Girl: This is thy day of days!
From maidenhood's fair path you step aside.
Henceforth in woman's higher, mightier ways
Thy walk in life must be—thou art a bride.

In bringing wishes tender, true and kind,
As friendship to such scenes should ever bring,
No superfluities, howe'er refined,
I'd offer, nor one vain, unlikely thing.

It is not vain to wish that fruits and flowers
May crown thy lot instead of thorns and weeds;
That which we plant and cultivate is ours,
Else life were vain, and all good thoughts and deeds.

May faith's bright star illumine all thy path,
Love's sweetest blossoms 'round thy heart entwine;
And all the wealth which truth and virtue hath
For their firm votaries be forever thine.

May he to whom thou givest all in trust,
Who fondly, proudly claims thee as his own,
Prove only nobler, purer and more just
Than thy warm hopes or brightest dreams have shown.

Many might deem this wish not worth the while,
For 'tis proverbial man never proves
As free from folly, selfishness and guile
As is believed by woman when she loves.

I will admit that cases may be rare
In which man falls not short, yet one I've known—
But I'll not tell it here, 'twould seem unfair
To talk of love today except thine own.

God bless thee! This time-honored, sacred phrase
Can best express the interest which I feel
For thee on this, thy brightest day of days—
God keep thee ever blest, beloved Corneel.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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Vol. XXVI JANUARY, 1939 No. 1

EDITORIAL

Confidence

THE year 1938 is ended. All that it gave of joy and sorrow, of satisfaction and remorse is now relegated to the past. With the new year comes a feeling of new beginnings, of a fresh start in the battle of life. Hope, which "swells eternal in the human breast," bids the new year to be a better year than yesteryear, and reason says to each of us, "This year you are older and wiser, the experiences of the past qualify you to meet whatever the new year may bring better than you have met any year heretofore."

But in reality many of us face the future with anxiety. We lie awake nights dreading possible calamities of the morrow. Not knowing what the future holds for us we stand before it afraid.

The pace of civilization today is swift. Progress, involving change, seems to keynote man's existence and brings a thousand disturbances that gnaw at patience, upset poise, and work one into a state of nervous uncertainty. Life today calls for such power of adjustment that it leaves many of us feeling innately inadequate to cope with it successfully.

If the New Year could give to every Relief Society woman one gift I would say let it be the gift of confidence, that feeling of adequacy to meet whatever the future may hold. Let her recapture the confidence of her youth. Youth has its sorrows, its obstacles to overcome, its adjustments to make, but its thoughts and ideas have not fallen into ruts; it has not been intimidated by life.

Facing the future with confidence actually renders one more capable of utilizing the ability which he actually possesses to the greatest advantage. It leads to well directed action and, unafraid to dedicate one's life to the purposes which challenge, personal development is increased.

Confidence is something which we may give to one another. It is one of the most contagious things in the world. A confident person readily transmits to his associates the same attitude. One individual sincerely believing in another is like a stimulating tonic, increasing that person's belief in himself and thus enlarging his power to do.

Confidence is nourished by success, and as success breeds confidence so confidence in turn breeds success.

In approaching the future the average adult needs to view life from the vantage point established for us by the Gospel. We need to take a long-range view, seeing its place in the eternal program. We need to get a fresh vision of what we ourselves could do if we would do all that we can do. We need to live every day courageously and "let virtue garnish our thoughts unceasingly; then shall our confidence wax strong." (Doc. & Cov. 121:45.)

Though 1939 may bring cloudy and misty days alternating with clear and sunny ones let us go forward and partake of whatever the New Year has to offer, unafraid.

Acknowledgment

ONE of the delightful customs coming down through the years is the expressions of good will from one to another. This is always associated with Christmas and the New Year. It is a tangible evidence of the spirit of the time. The Presidency and General Board have received many such beautiful messages and are deeply grateful. They reciprocate fully the love and good will of every sister and of the organizations. They answer every kind thought with a prayer for success and peace to be with all.

Raffles--Games of Chance--Gambling

From the December issue of the circular "Progress of the Church," published by the Presiding Bishopric we quote the following:

"The rapid increase of practically all forms of gambling, makes it advisable to again call the attention of stake and ward Church leaders to the evils of this practice.

"Any game, device, plan or scheme which has as its object the inducement to try to get something for nothing, or to win a reward at the expense of others, is definitely objectionable and should be discouraged.

"Members of wards should be urged to refrain from engaging in such activities under whatever guise. The instructions given by Church authorities in the past regarding the use of any such device or plan in Church socials or gatherings are again called to the attention of stake and ward leaders. The use of such devices or schemes is definitely out of place in Church gatherings and should not be permitted."

We appreciate the clarity with which the Presiding Bishopric have expressed the stand of the Church in regard to these practices and urge all Relief Society organizations to observe the above instructions.

Items OF INTEREST

Poem Contest

IN this number of the Relief Society Magazine appear the poems and names of those awarded the first three places in the annual poem contest conducted by the General Board.

There were 124 poems entered in this year's contest and the committee feel to congratulate the many contributors on the general excellence of their contributions, with the hope that they will continue to write and send in their manuscripts. While it is a fact that all cannot win, this need not deter one from making the effort, and continued work leads at least towards the goal of success.

This year the first prize was awarded to Helen Hinckley Jones of Beaver, Utah, for her elegiac poem, "Cycle".

Second prize was awarded to Eva Willes Wangsgaard of Ogden, Utah, for her lovely poem, "Always At Night," and Third prize to Grace Zenor Pratt of Colonia Dublan, Mexico, for her heart-touching verses, "Today I Gathered Roses".

The judges this year were Professor Harold F. Folland of the English Department, University of Utah, Maud Beeley Jacob, writer and literary critic, and Marcia K. Howells of the General Board of Relief Society.

We are most grateful to the judges for their patient consideration and professional judgment. We thank all who contributed in any way to the success of the contest, and the successful authors have the sincere congratulations of the committee.

Annie Wells Cannon,
Julia A. F. Lund,
Rosannah C. Irvine,
Ida P. Beal,
Rae B. Barker.

New Features of the Magazine for 1939

IN line with the policy of the Relief Society to publish a superior Magazine a number of new features are inaugurated with the January issue.

We are the first magazine to our knowledge to use new Green-White paper called "Nature's Tint." This special paper eliminates glares, saves the eyes and makes reading easier. In view of the fact that the Magazine is used many times during the month in lesson work and visiting teaching, and not always under the most favorable lighting conditions, we feel this special "eye-ease" paper will be greatly appreciated by our subscribers.

We are also using a new "Electra" type face, which is more legible and modern than the type we have used previously. We are informed that we are using the only font of this particular type in the Intermountain territory.

The January issue also inaugurates a new cover design which we believe will add to the general attractiveness of the Magazine.

The general lay-out of the Maga-

zine is being improved by the use of distinctive title heads and department names, and we are expecting to increase the number of illustrations.

The content of the Magazine will receive the same careful attention which has always characterized its selection. This, together with the improved physical make-up, should give to our subscribers a magazine of quality.

Los Angeles Stake Scores

A DRAMATIC feature of the Los Angeles Stake Relief Society Conference on November 5 and 6 was the announcement that the stake had reached the final goal set for it in the Membership Campaign. It had increased its membership 33⅓% and had thus achieved "keystone success" in one season.

The membership of the stake in 1937 was 540. The quota set was 200 new members by 1942. The Campaign was inaugurated in the wards September 6, and by November 5, 6, 235 new members had been enrolled, making the present membership 775.

The announcement of the final results was made in a large special Relief Society meeting, attended by the stake presidency and a number of invited guests. The meeting was semi-social in nature, with a program of beautiful musical numbers and short speeches. At the close of the meeting delicious refreshments were served.

The President, Sister Blanche Hoglund, paid a sincere tribute to the efficient and energetic stake coordinator, Sister Bessie Redding, who had planned and led the Campaign, and her able assistants, the ward coordinators, for their arduous work and signal success.

At a proper moment each of the coordinators was called to the platform and presented with a corsage of gardenias.

The plans for the Membership Campaign were presented, thoroughly discussed and copies distributed in the membership department of the Union meeting held in August. On September 6 they were introduced in the ward meetings. Definite rules were adopted and uniformly carried out. Prospective members were made thoroughly familiar with the privileges and responsibilities of membership and were not enrolled until they had attended three regular meetings. The new members are all enthusiastically interested in the work of the organization.

1938 Index

The 1938 index is now ready. Those desiring their magazines bound through this office may have cloth binding, including index, for $1.50, and leather binding, including index, for $2.00. The price of the index is: single copy mailed, 10c; 3 copies mailed, 25c; when bought at office 5c per copy.

New Serial

THE February issue of the Magazine brings to our readers a new serial, *The Shining Heart*, by Sibyl Spande Bowen.

Read about old Philander Maddox, rich, eccentric, naive. Become acquainted with Brilliant Alaska Carey whose absorbing life interest is the charming and gifted Nell. Follow the actions of Robert Lathrop, resented by Nell, "For one thing," she said, "because a man has no business wearing ties as beautiful as those worn by Mr. Lathrop." Enjoy the homely life-philosophy of practical and unromantic Fred; benefit by acquaintance with sophisticated Miss Donavan. *The Shining Heart* is a story of real-life people whose ambitions and frustrations, selfishness and generosities, dislikes and loves, lead the reader with absorbing interest through a story carrying a delightful element of mystery, centered in a Chinese chest and a shining heart.

Sibyl Spande Bowen needs no introduction to our readers, having been a contributor to local magazines for the past 15 years. Her work in the field of fiction is of unusual merit, recently receiving national recognition.

Magazine Drive

THE Magazine Honor Roll published in the December issue omitted the American Fork First Ward, Alpine Stake. This ward has an enrollment of 82, with 62 subscriptions, giving them a percentage of 76.

The Rapid City, South Dakota Branch and the Grand Island, Nebraska Branch should have been listed Western States Mission instead of North Central States Mission.

The Lebanon Ward should have been listed Mt. Graham Stake instead of St. Joseph Stake.

The Manavu Ward, Utah Stake has an enrollment of 104, with 108 subscriptions, giving them a percentage of 104, instead of 104 enrolled, 84 subscriptions, giving them a percentage of 81 as listed on the December Honor Roll.

The Archer Ward of Rexburg Stake was given credit instead of Burton Ward which has an enrollment of 35, with 30 subscriptions, giving them a percentage of 86.

"The measure of our civilization is not good roads, or parks, or public buildings but the homes of our people."—*Thomas Mann.*

"Come Join Our Ranks"

By Leone G. Layton

AS partakers of the spirit and blessings of Relief Society membership we are all anxious to pass this privilege on to others. There is a real need in our communities for Relief Society and the opportunities for growth that it presents to its members. Those who are actively participating in its program, who have a vision of the organization as a whole, are proud to say, "I am a member of the Relief Society."

We like to meet people who are sure of their values. As we value anything, so is our enthusiasm communicated to others. No salesman can convince us of the excellency of his product until he has first convinced himself. He may have a flowing sales talk, be letter-perfect in its delivery, but if a lack of conviction of the value of his product is sensed, one does not buy.

Others are prone to accept the value we place upon our possessions. You may have a treasured keepsake that has no appeal for me, but as I sense the value you place upon it, I find myself unconsciously accepting it at its worth to you.

We want to like what others like, whose opinions we regard. We hear someone say that a certain book has a wonderful message, that everyone who is up with the times is conversant with it; we read of a review to be given and drop our tasks to find the values in the highly rated book. Do we all understand and like it? No, but someone has said it was worth while. We all want to get out of life all the good that others find in it, so we follow those who are convinced that they have found values.

TWO women may give out exactly the same invitation to, "Join with us in our organization and receive its benefits" in exactly the same words, yet there is response to one and not the other. Why? One lives Relief Society. She is filled with the spirit of it; it has become part of her life; she sees not duty, but privilege in all that it presents to her.

The other? The sister who does enlistment work feeling that it is impossible to get new members, who dutifully tenders each invitation but doesn't feel in her soul the real benefits which will come to the sister she is inviting, cannot be as successful as the one who senses Relief Society values in full and presents them enthusiastically.

All humanity is seeking greater life satisfaction. All are searching for the things that will bring into their lives the greatest sense of accomplishment, the greatest happiness. Our organization can do this. Our Prophet said, "This charitable society is according to your natures. You are now placed in a situation where you can act according to those sympathies which God has planted in your bosoms. If you live up to your privileges the angels cannot be restrained from being your associates." Do you know of any other organization which holds out such promise to its members?

Only as we value our organization can we make it attractive to others. There is no substitute for enthusiastic conviction in enlistment work. If we are filled with the vision and spirit of Relief Society it will radiate from us. If through enthusiastic service we are obtaining the blessings promised by the Prophet, then we can say, "Come, join our ranks," in such a manner as to make others desire that which we have received.

Notes FROM THE FIELD

By Julia A. F. Lund, *General Secretary*

A VERY delightful and profitable beginning for the New Year is to reflect for a moment upon some of the fine accomplishments of the past. We regret that we cannot publish all of the outstanding achievements of the Relief Society organizations during the past year.

Eastern States Mission

AN outstanding meeting held at Palmyra is reported by the President:

"The Relief Society organizations of the Mission were given a special place on the Palmyra conference program. The period was devoted entirely to Relief Society work. This is in line with a policy to recognize each of the auxiliaries in these conferences. The experience of this session fully justifies the policy.

"The roll call showed a large attendance of Relief Society members, representing every Branch in the Mission. General President Louise Y. Robison addressed the audience. Her words were received with interest and enthusiasm and have stimulated fruitful works. As the sisters left for their homes many of them expressed a determination to attack their work with renewed zeal. They were truly filled with the spirit of their calling. All of the members were given the long-awaited privilege of greeting Sister Robison personally, and to each she gave encouragement in their several undertakings. All felt the influence of her gracious friendliness and her unaffected humility.

"Nearly a hundred mothers and daughters joined in the choruses specially prepared during months of

SINGING MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS, EASTERN STATES MISSION

practice in the branches. It was regarded as a high privilege to hold this notable Relief Society meeting in the Sacred Grove, and the Singing Mothers and their daughters, attired in white, presented a beautiful picture on this holy ground."

Mount Ogden Stake

MUSIC is recognized everywhere as one of the most potent of civilizing influences and certainly one of the most inspiring in its effect. Good music like any art is a treasure not for the chosen few but one that all may enjoy. Though one works with his hands in the shops or in the fields, his soul may reach the heights through music.

An outstanding musical program was given in the Weber College Auditorium by the Singing Mothers of Mount Ogden Stake Relief Society. The theme was the story of the life of the Savior, portrayed in music: His Birth, His Ministry on Earth, His Crucifixion, His Resurrection, and His Ascension into Heaven.

The knowledge and inspiration gained by the chorus members has been taken into the wards and has helped to raise the standard of music in the ward organizations. It has also helped the people to realize that the Mothers' Chorus in each ward plays an important part in the program of the Relief Society.

Althea B. Zinn was the director; Fern Clark, the organist, and Lydia Burrows the reader.

Teton Stake

MANY stakes used vacation time for social activity in keeping alive the spirit of Relief Society. The Teton Stake Relief Society Board entertained all the ward executive officers, the stake presidency and a number of special guests at a dinner, after which a delightful program of appropriate numbers was rendered. Every one enjoyed the "get together" party where a spirit of unity, interest and love prevailed.

SINGING MOTHERS, MT. OGDEN STAKE

Bannock Stake

IN this stake the lesson work has aroused great interest. This is especially true of the Theology and Visiting Teacher work, as well as the Home Reading project. A play, written by Sister Elsie Hubbard, portraying the spirit of the work, was successfully produced in the ward conferences held throughout the stake.

Pocatello Stake

THE great enthusiasm that has been aroused far and wide by the Singing Mothers in the Relief Society is very gratifying. In addition to the other fine work which the Pocatello Stake is doing the above picture tells its own story. Interest in membership, in the study program, and in all other activities is stimulated by the cultural opportunity offered women through the chorus work.

SINGING MOTHERS, POCATELLO STAKE

Highland Stake

SINCE the subject of nutrition is of such importance in keeping the body in perfect condition the Highland Stake welcomed the suggested study "Food Selection and Preparation" for discussion in the Work and Business department.

With the earnest support of executive officers, both in the stake and wards, each month a simple discussion of nutrition has been presented, together with sewing, handicraft and quilting.

Stake leaders obtained information from pamphlets suggested in the July Magazine and were also very graciously assisted by Miss Elna Miller of the A. C. and Sister Ivy Hall, County Home Agent, in obtaining information and pamphlets from the Extension Division of the Agricultural College.

The first lesson on nutrition was the Daily Food Supply. In conducting this lesson, fresh vegetables and fruits were used, and ribbons of various lengths and colors were attached to denote the content of the vitamins and minerals.

The accompanying picture shows how this was illustrated with the use of a blackboard. Fruits and vegetables were attached to the blackboard, left to right, as follows: peas, string beans, onion, tomato, orange, parsley, carrot, potato, pepper, beet, cauliflower, cabbage, spinach, celery, and corn.

The food elements and their values were listed as follows:

Vitamin A—Yellow ribbon
Vitamin C—Blue ribbon
Calcium—White ribbon
Iron—Red ribbon
Phosphorus—Green ribbon
Protein—Purple ribbon
Calories—Brown ribbon
A—Avoids colds
B—Be not nervous
C—Correct connective tissue
D—Dental and bone
E—Enlarges families
F—Lost
G—Growth

Calories are units of measurements for determining the amount of heat and energy obtained from food. Vitamins are substances in food which make it possible to properly nourish every part of the body.

To inspire friendly interest and participation in the course a dramatization was presented. One of the older sisters was chosen as a bride to show that all ages might benefit by these lessons on nutrition.

THE VITAMIN SONG

There are foods we like to eat
That are mighty hard to beat
They contain all vitamins from A to G.
If you want to keep in step
Eat the foods that give you pep,
Serve the ones that have been planned
For you and me.

Chorus

Come, come, come each second Tuesday,
Bring another friend with you.
We are sure that you'll agree
Vitamins from A to G
Can be found in recipes both old and new.

EDGEHILL WARD, HIGHLAND STAKE

At the begininng of the class the "Wedding March" was played; the bride entered, marched to the front of the room carrying an attractive bouquet of cauliflower, parsley, radishes, brussel sprouts and cranberries. She recited a clever jingle on food values, after which the audience sang the following original verses to the tune of "In Our Lovely Deseret".

A prize is being given to the sister contributing the best verse each month, which will be added to the song.

The same program is being carried out in various ways in each ward in the stake.

Each month a chart, "The Day's Food Supply," which lists the proper kinds and amounts of food necessary for an adequate day's supply, is kept before the members.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology and Testimony

Lesson 7

PETER THE FISHERMAN

Helpful References

James E. Talmage — *Jesus the Christ*, pp. 218 f., 197-199, 691 f.

A. B. Bruce—*The Training of the Twelve*. Consult index under the heading of *Peter*.

Gustaf Dalman—*Sacred Sites and Ways*, pp. 121-183. (Macmillan Co., New York, 1935). This book contains a wealth of reliable and stimulating material on the topography of the Gospels. Will be of great value to close students of the New Testament.

C. E. Macartney—*Of Them He Chose Twelve*, pp. 108-121.

OUR Interest in the Apostle Peter. The Gospels and the Acts tell us more about Peter than about any other member of the Twelve. Our interest in him is very keen for that reason if no other. Enough is said about Peter to give us a reasonably clear picture of the man,—his strong points and weaknesses are admirably pictured in the New Testament writings. The sheer humanity of Peter makes a strong appeal to the average individual. He has a winsome personality that commands the love of all who read the accounts of his life and work. Latter-day Saints and Catholics probably hold him in higher esteem than do most other Christian peoples because of their special views on priesthood and Church organization. We as a people do not believe that Peter was overshadowed by Paul and John in ancient Church circles. To the contrary. Peter was the leader of the Church following Christ's death and highly respected as such. That this was so seems to be attested by the fact that the Gospels and Acts devote so much space to him as compared to the other apostles. We can quite understand the situation by reference to our own day. The President of the Church wields great influence wherever he goes. Consequently newspapers and magazines devote much space to him in their columns. Accounts of his travels and sermons are fully chronicled. The special attention paid by our Lord to Peter and the fact that the latter was promised the "keys of the kingdom of heaven" are also strong evidences in favor of his primacy in the ancient Church. The work of Peter in this dispensation is an added reason for our interest in him.

SIMON PETER'S Early Life.— We do not know many details of Peter's early life, but fortunately research has disclosed to us much of interest respecting Galilee (the probable place of his birth) in New Testament times. The apostle was the son of a man by the name of Jona (Matt. 16:17) who may have been a fisherman by trade. It would be quite natural therefore for Jona's sons, Peter and Andrew, to follow in his footsteps. But even if Jona was not a fisherman it would have been easy for Peter and Andrew to pick up the trade from other men

because Bethsaida, the little village in which they lived, was a fishing center on the northeast shore of the Sea of Galilee.

Dr. Gustaf Dalman points out that Galilee was "eminently conducive to the development of a unique type of Jew." Josephus writes of the courage and pugnacity of the Galileans. The Galilee fishermen were a humble but hardy group of men, and it is significant that so many of the Master's Twelve came from their ranks.

As a boy Peter probably learned Greek as a matter of course for it was frequently used and had a wide sphere of influence in Galilee. His native language was Aramaic, and a knowledge of Latin would come to him through his contact with the Romans. We have already pointed out in a previous lesson that Peter's brother, Andrew, had a genuine Greek name. Professor Dalman says, "It is very probable that the brother of Andrew, Simon, was not called in the family circle by the Hebrew form Shim'on, but by the Hellenised (Greek) form, Simon, a form which together with Shim'on, is also found in Jewish literature. Even his second name, Petros, in its Greek form, is not rare there."

When entering into young manhood Peter and Andrew seem to have formed a partnership with each other in the fishing industry. Then as business grew Peter and his brother entered into a partnership with James and John, the sons of Zebedee, for the purpose of enlarging their opportunities and profit. Such it is reasonable for us to conjecture. Business seems to have been profitable for the Gospels indicate that they owned their boats and hired other fishermen to help them. (Mark 1:16-20; Luke 5:7, 10.) Peter and his immediate colleagues were therefore substantial business men in the community in which they lived.

THE Life of a Fisherman.—The Sea of Galilee still contains many varieties of fish, and the fisherman still carries on his trade as of yore. The net still remains the favorite means with which to catch fish. There are two types of nets, the casting net and the drag net. Occasionally fishing was done by means of hooks attached to lines. This practice is reflected in the advice of the Master to Peter: "Go thou to the sea and cast a hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money." (Matt. 17:27)

After fishing it was necessary to wash the nets. (Luke 5:2) They were then spread out on poles near the shore to dry.

It will be recalled that Peter was standing unclothed in his boat when he recognized the Risen Lord. (John 21:7) Little or no clothing was worn while fishing in order to be able at a moment's notice to dive into the water and free the net from rocks and debris as it was brought to shore. When Peter recognized his Master he drew on his short shirt in order that he might not appear before him unclothed. Dr. Dalman says, "It has been thought strange that Peter should don what was probably a wet garment. Sven Hedin, however, states that when sailing on the lake in July, with an air temperature of 87.7° Fahr. and the water 84.1°, he found it very pleasant to pour water over his clothes and let them dry in the wind."

It is not at all unlikely that in Peter's day the art, not now used, of salting or drying fish was practised. This is deduced from the fact that the Greek name of the city of

Magdala was Tarichaeae (preservation of fish by salting or drying). Magdala is said to have had a population of 40,000 people and 230 fishing boats. This city's position on important roads was of great consequence to the fishing trade. At times business visits were probably made to this place by members of the firm of Peter, Andrew, James, and John. The town had an unsavory reputation.

Most of the fishing of these future apostles was probably in the waters of the Sea of Galilee between Bethsaida and Capernaum.

THE Galilee District.—The districts around the western, northern, and southern shores of the Sea of Galilee must have been very beautiful anciently according to the testimony of Josephus and others. Fruit-trees, palms, fig-trees, olives, walnut-trees, the vine, and citron abounded as well as forests in some districts. It is not as beautiful today. However, there are lovely spots to be found even now as the writer can attest. The winters are extremely mild and the hills and shores seem almost everywhere green. Even in February and March roses and other flowers can be plucked. The summers are very hot and one escapes to the hills and mountains for relief. Probably Peter and his companions occasionally did that.

Plantations of oranges and bananas, groves of eucalyptus trees, numerous palms and cypresses, as well as date trees are now to be seen in certain districts around the Sea of Galilee. In time the Galilee district will probably be comparable to what it was anciently.

The most important towns on the Sea of Galilee were Magdala, Tiberias, Chorazin, Capernaum, and Bethsaida. We have already said something about Magdala in connection with the fishing industry. Probably most of its inhabitants were non-Jews and entertained themselves in the Greek fashion. Josephus mentions the fact that a hippodrome was in the city. Magdala was the most important town on the western shore of Galilee until Herod Antipas built Tiberias. The town had a very bad reputation as we have already indicated. The more nationalistic type of Jew would generally avoid the town because of its high non-Jewish population.

Capernaum had a greater Jewish population and was frequently visited by Peter and his colleagues and by their Lord and Master. (John 1:44; 2:12; Mark 1:16-31; Matt. 8:5, 14; Luke 4:31,38). Some of these passages seem to indicate that Peter and some of his friends had moved from Bethsaida to Capernaum because of matrimonial circumstances.

Bethsaida had a very mixed population. It was much frequented by foreigners, and Greek culture must have been prominent. These circumstances may partly account for the confidence certain Greeks had in Philip (John 12:20-22) who possibly was acquainted with them and their customs. The spiritual tone of Bethsaida must not have been high for the Christ pronounced a woe over it. The same must be said of Capernaum and Chorazin. (See Matt. 11:20-23; Luke 10:13-15). Perhaps we are justified in saying that most of the Galilee region was anything but spiritual and many centers of population were sinks of iniquity. Peter and the other future apostles were representative of a little group who might be termed the "salt of the earth" in their respective communities.

PETER Marries.—Peter probably married young as do most Orientals. The marriage would be arranged

by his parents or a go-between according to the usual customs prevailing. (Cf. Gen. 24) The settlement would include a satisfactory dowry and the exchange of gifts. It is even possible that Peter never saw his bride until the day of his marriage. The actual wedding ceremony may have lasted several days depending upon the financial status of the families. The women gathered at the home of the bride and the men at the home of Peter. We unfortunately do not know the name of Peter's bride nor the family she came from. On the great day of the wedding the bride, who had waited in her own home until night, and the groom were brought together.

"The hours of waiting for the coming of the groom seem to drag slowly along, and the women and girls who are waiting with her often drop off to sleep. Suddenly those who are watching see the lights of torches and lanterns in the distance, and the shrill wedding cry is raised, amid the shouts of 'There he is! The bridegroom is coming!' Then all is confusion and excitement; the bridesmaids trim their lamps (Matt. 25:5-7), and go forth a short distance to meet the groom. The intimate friends enter the house of the bride, while the others wait outside. After a time the entire party returns to the house of the groom. Soon the bride and groom retire to another room; the friend of the groom, who has been one of those who helped to arrange the marriage, waits until the groom appears at the door to announce his satisfaction and happiness in his bride, and then his joy is full (John 3:29)."

The above quotation for all practical purposes may be considered a description of Peter's marriage. Peter must have found it more convenient at a later time to live in Capernaum than at Bethsaida. Possibly his mother-in-law had lost her husband. At any rate the Gospels seem to disclose the fact that she was being taken care of in Peter's home at the time our Lord cured her of fever. (Mark 1:29-34; Matt. 8:14-17; Luke 4:38-41).

Questions and Problems

(Deal only with as many as time permits.)

1. Give all the reasons you can why we are interested in Peter.

2. In the case of Joseph Smith the Lord chose a young boy. In the case of the ancient apostles he seems to have chosen full grown men. Explain the difference as best you can.

3. A large foreign population lived in Galilee. What possible effects, good or bad, would this have upon the development of the ancient apostles?

4. Palestinian parents arranged the marriages of their children. What would you say are the good points and defects of this system?

Visiting Teacher Department

MESSAGES TO THE HOME

No. 7

Cast The Beam From Thine Own Eye

"Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shal thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye."—Luke 6:37-42

IF a modern psychologist should give this same advice he would say that one must gain first an objective attitude of himself and then he will be sufficiently able to avoid his own shortcomings to help others. The objective attitude is the ability to stand off and look at oneself objectively; to note just what is wrong with oneself and what to expect. In doing so one becomes better able to solve his own personality problems.

Actually each of us have limitations and capacities, an objective estimate of which is essential to the fullest development of character and personality. We have "beams" in our eyes, the presence of which we are sometimes quite unconscious. Our jealousies, prejudices, fears, angers, etc., bias our behavior and deter desirable personality development. We may not always be able to prevent these feelings from occurring, but we can develop the ability to weigh them objectively in order that we may estimate their true importance and deal with them constructively. No one need fear an accurate estimate of himself.

Removing the "beam" from one's own eye makes social adjustment more efficient for both self and neighbor.

The highest development of personality demands a responsibility to our fellowmen. Jesus does not den that "motes" need to be cast ou from our brother's eye, but He doe insist that clear vision is essential t doing it well. He warns against ac verse criticism which looks for th evil in people and seeing it tears th character to pieces.

The tendency to see the "mote in the eye of our brother, to crit cise and even gossip about it, is a too common. Dr. Ernest M. Ligon psychologist of Union College, say this is a method by which one en deavors to compensate for his ow feelings of inferiority. He direct attention from his own "beams" t the "motes" of another.

Jesus ably illustrates these truth in the parable of the unmerciful se vant recorded in Matthew 18:21-3

Discussion

1. Explain how seeing the "beam in our own eye enables us to de more justly with the "mote" in brother's eye.

2. Explain why an objective vie of oneself does not cause inferiorit complex.

3. Explain the word *gossip*. Wha is its effect upon personality?

Visiting Teachers are to call attention Theology, Literary and Social Service le sons, also Work and Business progra planned by the ward.

Literature

THE ADVANCE OF THE NOVEL

Lesson 7

Lorna Doone, a Story of Exmoor

LORNA DOONE, by Richard Doddridge Blackmore, was written in 1869, at the peak of the Victorian period, but its author, describing scenes and activities of the seventeenth century during the reign of King James II of England, uses the style of that period. It is an important novel belonging to the list of classics of our language even though Blackmore is considered a minor novelist.

Edwin L. Miller, writing in his book *English Literature*, says: "The book (Lorna Doone) in short, should be read by everybody." Miller says further: "Its plot is good; its style has the pleasing flavor of its age, that of James II; it is saturated with the joy of open air adventure; and John Ridd, its hero, is imperishable."

Miller is but one of many critics who have acclaimed *Lorna Doone* one of the best romances in the English language. It is a delightful tale, told in the first person, in a half-archaic style that is unusually pleasing. Blackmore throws around his characters an aura that makes them appear as beautiful etchings done in tempera on old parchment.

John Ridd, the stalwart Exmoor youth, early in the story takes his place in the center of the stage and scarcely leaves it until the last line has been devoured. John has almost superhuman strength, a delightful sense of humor, a naive way of saying things to make the reader feel that he is gently boasting in a most modest manner.

Lorna Doone, on account of her beauty, which John constantly reveals to us—beauty of face and form and figure as well as of spirit—is one of the most loved heroines in fiction. Blackmore was astute when he entitled his book *Lorna Doone* rather than *John Ridd*, for by so doing he centered the interest upon the heroine whereas the hero is really the center of all action.

The story may appear to be a bit long to the casual reader. That weight of length has been brought upon us by the speed of our modern world. When the book was written there was plenty of time for long books because books were fewer in number and much more inaccessible than they are at the present time.

The story is founded upon the legends of the Doone's, a fierce band of robbers who once inhabited Exmoor. However, the romance is scarcely a historical novel in the sense that Sir Walter Scott's *The Talisman* is historical. The Doones may have actually lived, but the scenes in which they figure in the book are, in all probability, pure fiction.

Long says of this tale of young love: "The story abounds in romantic scenes and incidents; its descriptions of natural scenery are unsurpassed, the rhythmic language is at times almost equal to poetry, and the whole tone of the book is wholesome and refreshing. Altogether it would be hard to find a more delightful romance in any language, and it well deserves the place it has

won as one of the classics of our literature."

It has been said that Lorna Doone "to a Devonshire man is as good as clotted cream". Hellen Rex Keller in her "Reader's Digest of Books" says: ". . . it is Blackmore's special pride that as a native 'he has satisfied natives with their home scenery, people, life, and language'." She continues, "Even without so swift a succession of exciting incidents the unhackneyed style, abounding in fresh simile, with its poetic appreciation of 'the fairest county in England' combined with homely realism, would make it delightful reading. Much as Hardy acquaints us with Wessex, Blackmore impresses Exmoor upon us, with a comprehensive 'Englishness' of setting and character. It is out-of-door England, with swift streams, treacherous bogs, dangerous cliffs, and free winds across the moors."

Lorna Doone begins with John Ridd, a husky boy at school just beginning to show promise of the powerful man he was to become. Told in the first person, it soon establishes a feeling of verisimilitude which carries the reader into the reality of the story.

Early in the book big John Ridd meets the charming little girl who is to become the heroine of the story. From that moment forward, even though he does not learn her name during their accidental meeting, the story is given direction and the pleasing outcome is inevitable, for no one of the temperament of John Ridd could very well become the hero of a tragedy.

The second meeting between Lorna Doone and John Ridd is delightfully told. John goes fishing to capture loaches for his mother, and in following the stream he comes into the Doone country, a sort of fairy place at the head of a great waterfall, in the hidden valley formed by precipitous peaks.

The charm of Blackmore's style is to be found throughout the narrative but scarcely in bolder relief than in the following passage which also suggests hidden meanings, suggestive qualities which abound in the books that really live. John is walking along through his lovely Exmoor when he is thrilled, as we all are at times, by a sudden inspiration of beauty, something akin to revelation more than to observation.

"It is all very pretty to see the trees big with their hopes of another year, though dumb as yet on the subject, and the waters murmuring gaiety, and the banks spread out with comfort; but a boy takes none of this to heart, unless he be meant for a poet, and he would liefer have a good apple, or even a bad one, if he stole it."

John Ridd meanders along through his lovely countryside and finally climbs the roaring stream in to Doone glen. There he falls and we find this bit of description of Lorna Doone: "When I came to myself again, my hands were full of young grass and mould, and a little girl kneeling at my side was rubbing my forehead tenderly, with a dock leaf and a handkerchief.

" 'Oh, I am so glad,' she whispered, softly, as I opened my eyes and looked at her; 'now you will be better, won't you?'

"I had never heard so sweet a sound as came from between her bright red lips, while there she knelt and gazed at me; neither had I ever seen anything so beautiful as the large dark eyes intent upon me, full of pity and wonder. And then, my nature being slow, and perhaps, for that matter, heavy, I wandered with my hazy eyes down the black shower

of her hair, as to my jaded gaze it seemed, and where it fell on the turf, among it (like an early star) was the first primrose of the season. And since that day, I think of her, through all the rough storms of my life, when I see an early primrose. Perhaps she liked my countenance, and indeed I know she did, because she said so afterwards; although at the time she was too young to know what made her take to me. Not that I had any beauty, or ever pretended to have any, only a solid, healthy face, which many girls have laughed at."

From that point forward, the story moves steadily on with the strength of big and brave John Ridd a comfort and shield to his own people as well as to the girl whose lot it was to live among the fierce Doones.

The plot concerns itself chiefly with the rescuing of Lorna from the Doones and marrying her, but of course, in the telling, as a good novelist should, Blackmore weaves in many of the happenings in England at that particular time. Such procedure gives the story a genuineness that makes it sound like factual history.

Some of the great descriptions in the book, as Keller points out, are John Ridd's rescuing of Lorna from Doone Glen, "the attempted murder in the church, the final duel with Carver Doone, and others,"—these, Keller says, "stand out as great and glowing pictures."

Descriptions such as those mentioned present pictures of the hero and heroine in colors that will live, they are so full of quaint declarations which give the slant of the big fellow's mind. I shall cite one such scene:

John is in the Doone valley bent upon rescuing Lorna, eager to be unseen and unheard when this bit of description follows: "And then I crossed, with more care, and to the door of Lorna's house, and made the sign, and listened, after taking my snow-shoes off.

"But no one came, as I expected, neither could I espy a light. And I seemed to hear a faint low sound, like the moaning of the snow-wind. Then I knocked again more loudly, with a knocking at my heart, and receiving no answer, set all my power at once against the door; in a few moments it flew inwards, and I glided along the passage with my feet still slippery. There in Lorna's room I saw, by the moonlight flowing in, a sight which drove me beyond my sense.

"Lorna was behind a chair, crouching in a corner. In the middle of the room lay Gwenny Carfax, stupid, yet with one hand clutching the ankle of a struggling man. Another man stood above my Lorna, trying to draw the chair away. In a moment I had him round the waist, and he went out of the window with a mighty crash of glass; luckily for him the window had no bars, like some of them.

"Then I took the other man by the neck; and he could not plead for mercy. I bore him out of the house as lightly as I would bear a baby, yet squeezing his throat a little more than I fain would do to an infant. By the bright moonlight I saw that I carried Marwood de Wichehalse. For his father's sake I spared him, and because he had been my school fellow; but with every muscle of my body strung with indignation, I cast him, like a skittle, from me into a snow drift, which closed over him. Then I looked for the other fellow, tossed through Lorna's window, and found him lying stunned and bleeding, neither

able to groan yet. Charleworth Doone, if his gushing blood did not much mislead me."

That passage would, of course, be hard to accept had not Blackmore carefully built up a character for John Ridd that would make the conquering of two men seem easy and the throwing of them through windows and into snow-drifts ordinary, indeed.

Scarcely in literature is to be found a sterner picture than that of the mighty Ridd meeting the mighty Carver Doone. Ridd is following the fleeing Carver. Being unarmed, the mighty John "rising from my horse's back although I had no stirrups, I caught a limb, and tore it (like a wheat-awn) from the socket.

"Men show the rent even now, with wonder; none with more wonder than myself."

The pursued Doone stops at the edge of the bog where John Ridd uses his oak limb to good effect. He strikes the Doone horse knocking him to the ground. Then we have a picture of a struggle that is classic: "I stretched forth my left hand, as I do to a weaker antagonist, and I let him have the hug of me. But in this I was too generous; having forgotten my pistol wound, and the cracking of one of my short lower ribs. Carver Doone caught me round the waist, with such a grip as never yet had been laid upon me.

"I heard my rib go, I grasped his arm, and tore the muscle out of it (as the string comes out of an orange); then I took him by the throat, which is not allowed in wrestling; but he had snatched at mine; and now was no time of dalliance. In vain he tugged and strained and writhed, dashed his bleeding fist into my face, and flung himself on me, with gnashing jaws. Beneath the iron of my strength—for God that day was with me—I had him helpless in two minutes, and his fiery eyes lolled out."

Those were strong and mighty men. Surely nowhere in fiction, even in the great stories of Richard the Lion-hearted, by Sir Walter Scott himself, is there to be found a stronger or braver hero.

John Ridd, true to his simple character, closes his narrative with:

"Of Lorna, of my lifelong darling, of my more and more loved wife I will not talk; for it is not seemly that a man should exalt his pride. Year by year, her beauty grows, with the growth of goodness, kindness, and true happiness—above all with love. For change, she makes a joke of this and plays with it, and laughs at it; and then, when my slow nature marvels, back she comes to the earnest thing. And if I wish to pay her out for something very dreadful—as may happen once or twice, when we become too gladsome—I bring her to forgotten sadness, and to me for cure of it, by the two words 'Lorna Doone'."

That is the last paragraph in this book of six hundred forty-six pages, each filled with beautiful descriptions, fine characterizations, splendid bits of smart conversation, and a delightful and ever-present humor. Big John Ridd is a quaint chap, powerful beyond measure, though, according to his own words, a bit slow in the head. The narrative, however, denies the latter.

Suggestions

1. Read *The Advance of the English Novel*, Chapter 5.

2. Become a little acquainted with the times of King Charles II, King James II, and Queen Anne. You may do this by reading in a history book or the encyclopedia.

3. List the principal characters in *Lorna Doone* and characterize each.

4. Outline very briefly the plot of the story.

5. Have passages of importance or interest in the book marked for reading. These should advance the plot, reveal character, or they should reveal the style of the author. A few examples: Ridd's fight at school —reveals his courage; his meeting with Lorna Doone—from chapter 8; from chapter 26—as revealing John's powers of repartee; from chapter 27—as revealing John's love; etc.

6. Find and read what you can of Blackmore.

Social Service

Lesson 7

MARITAL ADJUSTMENT

MODERN Conditions Make Marital Adjustment a Difficult One. Of all the adjustments, whether educational, vocational, religious, or social, perhaps marriage is the most difficult. It is highly emotional, intimate and constant. No other relationship throws such a strain on one's capacity for good adjustment, and no other reveals so clearly weaknesses of personality and character.

Modern conditions have tended to make marriage increasingly difficult. The youths of today find themselves forced to postpone marriage at a time when they find themselves physically capable of mating. Mental, educational and eonomic preparation for marriage is delayed years beyond sexual maturity. We have not stressed the value of early marriages so much in recent years, as we have become more eager for higher education for many of our youths. Missions are often added to the program of our young people, and marriage usually must be postponed until this entire program has been completed. After education and missions, our youths find great difficulty establishing themselves economically, more so perhaps than in former days when the children grew up to take a natural share in the lands and live stock. Many of the youths of earlier days were able to take over their share and support themselves and family by age twenty.

Today we have become accustomed to a standard of living which is difficult to reach and maintain when the young people marry early and have large families. Many of our young people migrate to the cities where large family groups are likely to have more of a struggle to exist than was the case on the farm where children were somewhat of an economic asset and where much was produced in the home toward their maintenance.

Moreover, in recent years, women have become more prominent in industry and public life; and perhaps with the broadening of their interests, they have had a tendency to look upon the home not so much as an exclusive career. Many of our young women have achieved ability in supporting themselves before entering marriage, and on that account they find certain difficulties in coming to feel financially dependent upon their husbands.

With the spread of birth control propaganda, sex has largely been separated from reproduction for many people. Marriage too often has become established solely upon a sexual foundation, a foundation upon which the winds and rains of passion and irresponsibility beat and soon cause a great fall of the marriage structure.

Fortunately, the Latter-day Saint community has resisted many serious changes and we find the home and family still our strongest social organization. Certainly in the home lies the strength of the Church and the nation. We have not loosened our standards, and we still hold to a virtuous home as the highest goal young people may have.

The question comes to our minds as to whether romance loses its flavor if we make too much of a study of it. This is a real possibility, although it need not be the case. To the average person, love is considered to be quite separate from good judgment. It is an "instinctive reaction which asks for no reasons as to why it functions as it does. Many matings are based purely on romantic attraction with little consideration as to the hereditary background or intelligence of the loved one. Likewise, it is thought that information can be mixed with as little success as the image of clay and iron of which the scriptures speak. However, with the progress of education and the extending of scientific knowledge of sex and personality, we may rightly hope that attitudes based on information and intelligent understanding of sex and mating will gradually shape our aesthetic taste and finally come to have considerable control over our selection of mates and over our romantic lives in general.

Some recent authorities on the psychology of sex have emphasized sexual compatibility as the basis of all successful marriages. Because the sexual side of marriage had so seldom entered into polite discussion, there was a trend of thought which swung to the other extreme of explaining everything in human conduct on a sexual basis. However, more conservative thought on the subject today is recognizing that, while sexual adjustments are important, marital happiness rests upon a much broader foundation. Indifference and boredom are the end results of a marriage that does not include intellectual comradeship, personality traits in the two persons which blend without too much friction (including all of the personal peculiarities of both parties), social life which is mutually satisfying, and some unfolding, creative aim in which both parties take part. Romance may be much broader than sex; it may include all of the cooperative adventures that make life interesting and worth living.

PERSONALITY Strain Calls for Constant Revision of Habits and Attitudes. Romantic love is "touchy", i. e., it may be destroyed by the many lingering irritations which may arise in the course of adjusting two lives to the task of living together. When we think of the unkindness we show in the home toward those who mean the most to us, there is little wonder that so many marriages are destroyed, either in spirit or in fact. We wouldn't think of insulting our neighbors as we do the members of our own family. Perhaps the reason for much of our bad behavior toward each other in the home is that we are able to set up our own rules of conduct there without much criticism from the outside, since the home is relatively private.

In no other relationship are the flaws in our personality and character revealed so clearly as in marriage. Nowhere else are such exacting demands made upon us, and in no other relationship are we required to give and take so much. In our personal wishes, we must always take account of the welfare and wishes of others, and personal enjoyments must in many cases give way to those that suit others in the family. Personal associates who are obnoxious to the other party to the marriage must be dropped in preference for those who are acceptable to everyone.

Of course, all of these adjustments cause the most severe strain on one's personality and are likely to reveal in a short time both parties' greatest weaknesses. Disagreeable dispositions appear first; if the strain is prolonged and severe, then appear weaknesses of character, such as dishonesty, infidelity, alcoholism, and desertion.

That differences of opinion and conflicting habits and attitudes will appear should be expected, and even welcomed if they can be properly met. Happy couples usually establish some court between themselves to which they can take their difficulties and make good-humored and intelligent adjustments promptly before deep emotions are stirred up to blind their judgment.

Among the most difficult kinds of adjustments required are those between the partners to the marriage and the relatives on both sides. This is particularly difficult when the couple are forced to live with either of the families. When people marry, they must exercise considerably more independence of judgment and action than was the case when they lived under the shelter of their parents' homes. Unless married people are thrown on their own resources, both financial and intellectual, they are likely to remain immature and to have greater difficulty making their own decisions and their own way when they finally must. Furthermore, troubles between the couple are usually made worse by those who listen to them. Romance often helps to solve difficulties, but those who are not parties to the romance are likely to carry feelings longer and keep stirred up unpleasant subjects which would otherwise be forgotten.

However, it would probably be unwise for married people to attempt to sever all contacts with their previous homes, friends, interests, and hobbies. Contacts outside the home are probably necessary to give one a proper view of life and human understanding. Marriages may go sour simply because of the attempt of one party or the other to break off all contacts outside the home. For the most wholesome personality development, mingling with many people is important.

Professor Lewis M. Terman, of Stanford University, published in 1935 the results of a study in which he administered a variety of personality tests to a large group of happily married people, divorced couples, and unhappily married couples. His results indicate some personality qualities which contribute to the disruption of marriage and others which seem to be the basis of happy marriages. He summarizes his results as follows:

"Outstanding traits of the happily married, both husbands and wives, include emotional stability, social adaptability, uplift interests, and a tendency to conservatism, the men showing more tolerance and sympathy than the women. The unhappily give most evidence of neu-

rotic and introvertive tendencies, intolerant attitudes, and volitional inadequacy." (Johnson W. B., and Terman, L. M. "Personality Characteristics of Happily Married and Unhappily Married, and Divorced Persons," page 311. For complete article, see *Character and Personality*, 1935, Vol. 3, pp. 290-311.)

TRAINING for Marriage Begins in the Cradle. Most of the causes of difficulties in marital adjustment have their beginning in childhood. To train our children to be good husbands or wives we should begin in their infancy. Failure in marriage is most often explained by the development of inadequate social habits—respect for the rights and interests of others, tolerance, honesty, good humor, sociability, and a general high level of moral and religious life. These qualities are acquired in the course of growth, if the educational and social influences are right. Temper tantrums are planted in the cradle and often bear fruit in the divorce court. Any two people entering marriage bring into the bargain all of the effects of good or bad training from infancy up. Little defects of personality can often be corrected when they conflict with the personality of another in the intimate relations of marriage; but often the parties are either unwilling or unable to make corrections in their habits of dealing with people, which they have practiced all their lives. Chronic irritations of this kind frequently make marriage so disagreeable that, if separation is not resorted to, the lives of both parties are permanently blighted. The woman whose parents have given her every advantage is often defeated when she must meet the hard realities of keeping house and limiting her spending. The romance of marriage suddenly changes into a continual round of unpleasant duties, such as dish-washing, floor-mopping, mending, and budget keeping. However, if a sense of responsibility has been developed in the young girl as she grows up, it is much easier for her to lighten the load of these tasks by fitting them into the personal ideal of making an efficient and happy household. The husband, on the other hand, who as he has grown up has developed responsibility for meeting certain of his duties about the home and who has already learned something of earning his own way and caring for his own property will find marriage a much easier adjustment than the one who has had over-solicitous parents who have done all of his thinking and provided for all of his financial needs.

One psychologist, G. W. Crane, has presented some evidence from census records to show that the order in which children come into the family has something to do with their chances of being divorced. He found that boys who were "only children" have a divorce hazard about five times as great as their number in the population would justify, and "only girls" about four times as great. Children who are born in the middle of the family, i. e., those with at least one older and one younger brother or sister, have the lowest divorce hazard. Children who have been ill more than average are likely to have personality difficulties which make happy marriage difficult. In fact, any of those circumstances which are likely to contribute to behavior difficulties in children are likely to affect the happiness of a marriage. Particularly straining on a marriage are those extremely strong parent-child fixations which prevent the young people from truly growing up and finding

their rightful place in the adult world.

CHILDREN Are Often the Best Protection of a Happy Marriage. After the romantic period of a marriage has passed, the need becomes important for acquiring some unfolding, creative aim which can be shared by both husband and wife. Some couples take up hobbies, such as landscape gardening or art collections, which frequently aid in holding them together. Others become mutually absorbed in making a living through a business enterprise. To Latter-day Saints, one of the best fields for mutual endeavor is in the Church program. Unquestionably a devout religious faith which is shared by both parties without serious disagreement as to details is one of the best safeguards against drifting apart.

However, the most common and most satisfactory bond that can be made is the rearing of a family. There is no other undertaking in which the interests of a couple can be so mutually enjoyed. Home duties and making a living, both of which may have naturally distasteful elements, at once become lightened and directed toward a common goal when the first child comes. Better behavior toward each other becomes more necessary on the part of the parents, since the example they set begins to affect the lives of their children. Good conduct between the parents at home is then carried into the school and community through the good behavior of the children, and public opinion enters the family picture.

There is no worse preparation for marriage than for one to have parents who have separated after failure to make the necessary adjustments themselves. Children who are moved from one parent to the other acquire conflicting ideals with resulting confusion and strain which reflect in difficulties in school, and which often lead them into the juvenile court as children, and into the divorce court as adults.

SPIRITUALITY in the Home Is One of Its Greatest Safeguards. Marriage is something much more to Latter-day Saints than an earthly contract for the satisfying of emotional needs. It bears deep significance as to our welfare in the hereafter. To bring children into the world and properly care for them is asked of us by the Lord. Our responsibility then becomes doubly serious. When we think of our relationships in marriage as being a preparation for greater opportunity to live happily together in the hereafter, we are impelled to redouble our efforts to make a success of our relationship on earth.

Problems For Discussion

1. Show why marriages which are built on a purely romantic basis are likely to be unsatisfactory. Enumerate some other important factors in marital adjustment.

2. What would you say is the place of children in preserving marital happiness? How can differences over children disrupt a marriage?

3. Discuss how a common religious faith may contribute to the permanence of a marriage.

4. Show how marriage brings out all of the defects and virtues of personality and character.

5. When and how do we learn to be good husbands or wives?

6. Discuss the spiritual significance of marriage. Show how this should make marriage more permanent.

Education for Family Life

FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS

Lesson 4

Growing Up Emotionally

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SUCCESSFUL family life depends so much upon the attainment of emotional maturity that it is worth while to devote an entire lesson to the subject. Some of the evidences of emotional maturity (e. g., attainment of self-knowledge, self-control, and unselfishness) were mentioned in Lesson No. 2. This lesson will deal more particularly with the development of the love-life. Using that term very broadly to refer to human relationships, it is evident that the love-life develops normally through a number of successive stages:

I. The infant loves only himself. He is entirely self-centered, 100 per cent selfish. He is concerned solely with the satisfaction of his own needs and desires (not to say the gratification of his whims); he does not care how much he inconveniences anyone else, so long as he can have his own way. If he does not get his own way, he will have a tantrum and try to compel attention in that fashion.

II. Shortly, however, the child broadens out his love-life to include his parents and in particular his mother (or her substitute). She occupies a relation to him that no one else holds. His love-life turns on an axis suspended between himself and her. She is very largely the object of worship and the source of authority.

III. Soon the love-life expands again. It is important to note that this development is not a process of leaving something behind, as the caterpillar leaves the cocoon behind to emerge as a butterfly. It is merely a matter of expanding the horizon. It is like throwing a stone into a pond. The circles become larger and larger, but the center, where the stone lit, is always there. That center is you. You never cease to love yourself——if you do, you are insane, literally! But as time goes on you expand the area of your love-life until you occupy a much smaller part of it than you did when a baby.

In the pre-adolescent period the child begins to emancipate himself from exclusive dependence on his mother; to develop more interests outside of the home; to begin to adopt the standards and values of those of his own age and sex (the "gang", whether this be male or female). Formerly, whatever his mother said was so; now what his mother says is wrong if the gang thinks otherwise.

At this stage he is learning how to get along with his equals (his parents may give him the best of it, or the worst of it, but can never treat him as a real equal). This is a particularly important stage in development, because he is being socialized.

IV. In the high school period, he begins to take more interest in the other sex. At first this is a generalized interest. The girl is interested in all boys, just because they are boys and she wants to learn what boys are like. But little by little, attention is focused for longer and longer periods of time on one person of the other sex, until by a process of trial and error each learns his own nature and that of the other sex and finally . . .!

V. The adult level of mate-selection is reached, in which each picks a partner for life-long, unique companionship, the establishment of a home, and the founding of a new family.

This is the normal process, but unfortunately, development of the individual may be arrested at any stage.

Many an adult has really not passed beyond the infantile stage of self-love, of wanting to be waited on and having a tantrum if he does not get his own way.

Many an adult is still tied to his mother's apron strings—he has never been weaned, emotionally. (This is a common cause, among men and to a less extent among women, of failure to marry.)

Many an adult has not passed beyond the Boy Scout level, emotionally.

Still more have remained at an adolescent level, in which any girl is about as attractive as any other (or vice versa) and a love-life can not long be maintained at an adult level—hence broken homes and broken lives.

Fundamentally, the failure to go on at the normal time from one stage to the next is due to fear. The child attached to his mother is afraid to go out with the gang—they won't treat him as well as his mother does, so he stays where he is comfortable. The boy who is getting along well with the gang, is afraid to go out with girls. He knows how to deal with the gang, but he finds that the girls don't admire his accomplishments which the gang thinks are smart—they laugh at him. The boy who is getting along pretty well with a lot of girls is afraid to risk himself in a situation (i. e., marriage) where he has to hold one girl's affection all his life. That seems a big undertaking; he feels safer to stay at the level of a playboy where he can merely "love 'em and leave 'em."

Boys are a little more likely to be arrested in development at the mother-love stage, girls at the gang stage. A girl who has been taught, more or less unconsciously by her own mother, that "men aren't all that they ought to be" and that a girl's safety and happiness depends on keeping at a safe distance from them, will naturally have trouble in making the swing of interest over from her own sex to the other sex. If at the same time she lacks normal social life and plenty of informal associations with boys, it will be easy for her to go through life always afraid of boys and repelling them either by a morbid "hands off" attitude or on the contrary, if she is trying to overcome this fear by aggressiveness and becomes a little desperate, by pursuing them too openly.

It is necessary to go through all the stages, if one is to grow up. None of them can be skipped. Jim, for instance, never learned to get along with other boys: he missed the gang stage. At college he wants to get along well with girls and he should be having some romantic friendships with them. But this is impossible because he has never learned to get along with his own

equals (the function of the gang stage) and therefore never can deal with girls as equals. He has in his make-up only two kinds of love, namely, self-love and mother-love; therefore that is all he can offer the girls; and that is not what they want!

Since the tendency to grow up emotionally is inherent, all that is necessary is to give it a chance. This means merely that the young people at each stage must (a) be free from fears, inhibitions, frustrations; (b) that they must have opportunity for a normal social life, appropriate to their age; and (c) they must have before them all the time the normal patterns appropriate to the next stage, so they will be able to go ahead.

While every one of these stages is important, in actual practice the adolescent stage seems to be the "last resting place" of a large proportion of the population. This is due to the fact that some parents do not themselves have any adult patterns to furnish the children; they themselves have never grown up. In the next place, the children often have too little association with their own parents, especially in cities. Schools and colleges have not always recognized the problem and given young people help in growing through the adolescent stage. Finally, most of the patterns of the modern world, which surround our children from morning until night, are infantile or, at the best, adolescent patterns, provided by the movies, the popular songs of the day, the newspapers and magazines, the billboards, and other educational agencies.

Take the matter of married happiness as an illustration. The newspapers are constantly mentioning marriages, but not because they are happy. They are always telling of unhappy marriages—of the broken homes of wealthy, important, or conspicuous people. Married happiness is rarely a theme of the movies, of popular songs, of fiction, or of the "funny papers": they are always presenting the opposite. Is it not almost inevitable, unless parents, church, and other serious interests make a much greater effort to counteract all this, that young people should grow up with the unconscious belief that married happiness is rare, that most of the prominent, wealthy, admirable, and intelligent people of the world fail in marriage; that it's just a gamble—but after all we might as well try it because a license costs only $2 and if we don't like it we can quit at any time!

To succeed in marriage and parenthood, therefore, emotional maturity is almost indispensable. The attainment of this ought to be one of the principal concerns of modern life.

Questions and Problems

1. Suggest two or three changes that you think should be made in the social life of many high school students, in order to promote their normal emotional development.

2. Describe briefly some case from history, in which an intelligent man or woman was characterized by marked emotional immaturity.

3. A recent writer says that if parents are embarrassed by the sex questions of their children, it shows that the parents are not emotionally mature. How do you explain this?

4. A girl who is a freshman in college is not interested in boys; says that in comparison with her own father they all seem too frivolous, insincere — not worth while. How would you counsel her, in order to give her a better perspective?

Literature for the Missions

TYPICAL WOMEN OF THE CHURCH

Lesson 6

ANNA K. G. WIDTSOE

(A Norwegian Lady)

ANNA KARINE GAARDEN (WIDTSOE) was born June 4, 1849, in the famous fishing village of Titran, on the island of Froya, the outermost island off the coast of Norway. She came of goodly parents and lived in easy circumstances under her father's roof. From her earliest childhood she manifested unusual intelligence and power. She was active, with a sensitive spirit that responded quickly to human needs or to the manifestations of nature. Indeed, her character was early nurtured and moulded by the contrasts of nature and constant battle with the ocean on her native island.

She was trained well in her childhood. Every day there was work to be done by the family and the men employed by the father in his fishing outfit. The seasons brought their own tasks—candle making, soap making, putting up fruit, carding and spinning wool, weaving cloth and, with the aid of a tailor, measuring, cutting and sewing the clothes for the family. In these tasks Anna and her sister, Petroline, were required to take part. Thus, they grew in usefulness and understanding.

In the home also it was the custom, whenever possible, to hold a family gathering every evening, at which hymns were sung, a chapter from the Bible read, selections from musical instruments given and selections from history and literature read or recited. If the mail had arrived, these evenings also included recitals of the news of the day. It was a valuable type of education.

The outermost island was not isolated, for, during the fishing season, thousands of men gathered from all parts of Norway and other countries of Europe to participate in the profits of the fishermen. The village had a cosmopolitan character. Many men of influence sat at the table of the Gaarden family. This was all educational for Anna and her sister.

Anna's father, the government pilot, often took her with him on his trips to distant places; consequently she gained early a wide experience with conditions prevailing in the world.

When she was twelve years of age her beloved mother suddenly passed away. The father, who never remarried, placed the burden of household responsibility upon Anna, guided and directed by her old nurse, Ingeborg Mikkelsen.

Soon after Anna's mother died, a new school teacher came to Titran, a black-haired, blue-eyed, deep-voiced, athletic young man, who soon, because of his intelligent helpfulness, became the idol of the people of the village. He comforted the sick, built up the depressed, helped the families with their legal affairs, provided a community house with literature and lectures for the thousands of fishermen who gathered on the island in the fishing season. This young school teacher, John A. Widtsoe by name, determined that some day he should

marry Anna Gaarden, who attracted him both for her beauty and her intelligence. Anna had many suitors, but decided to give her life into the hands of the schoolmaster, and when a little past twenty-one years of age, married him.

The years that followed were very happy. Soon after the marriage the schoolmaster obtained a teaching position in one of the large cities of the mainland; thus she forsook permanently the island of her youth. Seven years after her marriage came the catastrophe that completely changed the current of her life: One day the schoolmaster took sick in the school room, was brought home ill, and three days thereafter, died.

The young widow could not understand why the Lord permitted such a thing to happen. She and her two boys needed the husband and father. She fought intense spiritual battles at the time, but came out victorious, with a greater trust and faith in God than she ever had before. The Bible became her constant companion. For a while she taught domestic art in the school in which her husband had taught, but soon settled in the city of Trondhjem, the home of her husband, where she set up business as a dressmaker.

One day she took a pair of her son John's shoes to a shoemaker. When she was about to leave the shoemaker said to her, "Madam, I have something better to give you than soles for your son's shoes." Astonished, she asked him what he, a shoemaker, could offer her better than shoemaker's service. He declared solemnly that he could teach her how to win happiness on earth and in the life to come; he could tell her whence she came, why she was on earth, and where she was going after death. The shoemaker was a Mormon convert who in this fashion was bearing testimony to his customer.

When she discovered that the shoemaker, Olaus Johnson, was a Mormon, she was horrified. However, when John's shoes were returned, a Mormon tract was found in each one of them. To her astonishment she found that the assertions made by the tracts were substantiated by Holy Writ. She ventured to attend a meeting of the little branch in Trondhjem. The Elders began to labor with her; she fought valiantly, for she did not wish to become a Mormon. She sat up throughout the nights seeking arguments with which to vanquish the Elders, but she was always vanquished.

After two years, she became definitely convinced that the despised Mormons possessed the true gospel of the Lord, Jesus Christ. She asked for an early baptism. On April 1, 1881, the ice was broken on the fjord and she was baptized in ice-cold water. She bore the testimony throughout her life that never before or since was she filled with such genial warmth.

She began to tell relatives and friends of the pearl of great price that she had found. The usual thing happened—her friends turned away from her, her relatives would hardly speak to her. In despair she went back to the island whence she had come and where with tender heart she had for many years as the daughter of a well-to-do family distributed charity to all who were in need. Yet when she returned as a Mormon, every door was closed against her. She could not find a bed or a meal among relatives and former friends.

Thoroughly disillusioned she con-

tinued her daily work in Trondhjem, and made plans for emigration to Utah. Tickets were secured; she sold part of what was left of her husband's library, collected the remnants of her property, and with her two boys set sail to join the Latter-day Saints in the valleys of the mountains.

She arrived in Utah in 1883 and settled in Logan. There she set up her dressmaking shop and began to earn a meager living under conditions very different than those she had known throughout most of her life. Her native country had a soft and easy climate, high mountains covered with green forests, sunlit summers, darkened winters; here the mountains were barren, the climate dry. Nevertheless, she loved the country to which she had come, for here she was with her people, and here she could sit under the voices of the Priesthood of Almighty God

The early days in Zion were not easy, and here in a strange land with few friends the path at times seemed thorny. There were weeks when the little family had little or nothing to eat, and her foolish pride kept her from seeking assistance from those who had ample. There were long nights through which she sewed for a pittance. However, gradually she prospered. She built a small home; she took part in the activities of the Church; she won many friends; she grew greatly in spiritual power.

In her thinking and planning, the welfare and the future of her two boys were uppermost. She was very loyal to the schoolmaster's memory; she never remarried. She had promised him to care for the boys and to provide for them training to fit them for the battle of life. Her husband had been a school teacher, and she felt that she could do nothing better than to encourage her boys to follow in their father's footsteps. In course of time she secured training for both boys in the schools of that day. The older son, after finishing high school, went east to study at Harvard University and graduated in 1894. Her son Osborne soon afterwards graduated from the Utah State Agricultural College, where her son John was employed. From then on, life was easier for the widow.

Soon, Osborne was sent on a mission to the South Sea Islands and the family was separated again. A little later John was married. Sister Widtsoe and her sister then took up their abode together in Salt Lake City where she lived until her death.

She was a lover of flowers. She spent hours in her garden caring for them, and she insisted that flowers did best when they knew that a loving hand was tending them. Along with the care of her flowers, she enjoyed doing good to those in distress. Emigrants from her native country always found a welcome in her home. She advised, counseled and directed them. Many had a successful beginning in the new land through the influence of Sister Widtsoe. As she became better off financially, she was able to help not only spiritually but materially. Her home, first in Logan and later in Salt Lake City, was always a gathering place for young people who loved the inspiration that flowed from her.

In 1903, she and her sister accepted gladly a call to do missionary work in Norway, where they remained for more than three years; and after their release spent nearly another year in a successful search for their genealogy. Upon their return in 1907, Sister Widtsoe became active in many public enterprises; belonged to a number of organizations

to advance human welfare; kept up her acquaintanceship with her people, especially with youth and those who needed help.

She was exceedingly happy in the realization of her ambition to educate her boys. John, some years after graduation, had gone abroad to study in Europe. Osborne, after graduating from the Utah State Agricultural College, had acquitted himself at Harvard University most creditably. Both became teachers. When she returned from her mission, John was the president of the Utah State Agricultural College, and Osborne held an important position in the Latter-day Saint College, of which he ultimately became the principal. Later on, John became the president of the University of Utah and Osborne the head of the Department of English in that state institution. Each of these onward steps gave great joy to Sister Widtsoe, who felt that thereby she was fulfilling the wishes of her departed husband. She was still happier to know that both boys were faithful to the restored Gospel and active in the Church.

She was always a lover of education. From her childhood the poetic instinct had beat strong within her. Nature reacted strongly upon her. In later life she devoted a good part of her time to writing poetry in her native language, much of it of exquisite beauty. She also engaged in Temple work and together with her sister sought eagerly to complete the genealogical records of the family. Her spiritual life was of an exceedingly high order. At one time she was president of the Women's Press Club of Salt Lake City. She held, at various times, other positions of service.

Throughout her life her testimony of the truth of the restored Gospel of Jesus Christ never wavered; sh grew stronger in her faith day b day. All who came within th radius of her influence were touche by the vigorous, unyielding faitl that she possessed. She grieved as all Latter-day Saints do, over th blindness of those who fail to un derstand the Gospel.

A few days before she died, sh declared that the greatest joy tha had come into her life was derive from her possession of the Gospe of the Lord Jesus Christ as firs brought to her by Brother Olau Johnson, the shoemaker, in Tronc hjem. "There has been nothing els so precious in my life," she said. Sh died in the faith, July 11, 1919.

Topics for Consideration

1. Describe Anna Widtsoe's pe sonality.

2. Why was it natural for her i stinctively to impress one as a s perior person?

3. Why do you think it was first hard for her to accept Mormo ism?

4. How and why did she becom well informed on the scriptures?

5. Relate the similarity of th things she did in girlhood with thos Elizabeth Hoagland did.

6. Account for the persecution a corded early converts to Mormo ism among all peoples in all land

7. What were Anna Widtsoe greatest desires?

8. Keeping in mind the abiliti and achievements of her two son what do you estimate her own ab ities to be?

9. How did she prove that she w a sincere, devoted Latter-day Sain

10. She lived a typical Latter-d Saint life. What kind of a life this?

11. What of value to us may learned from Sister Widtsoe's life

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